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TALES

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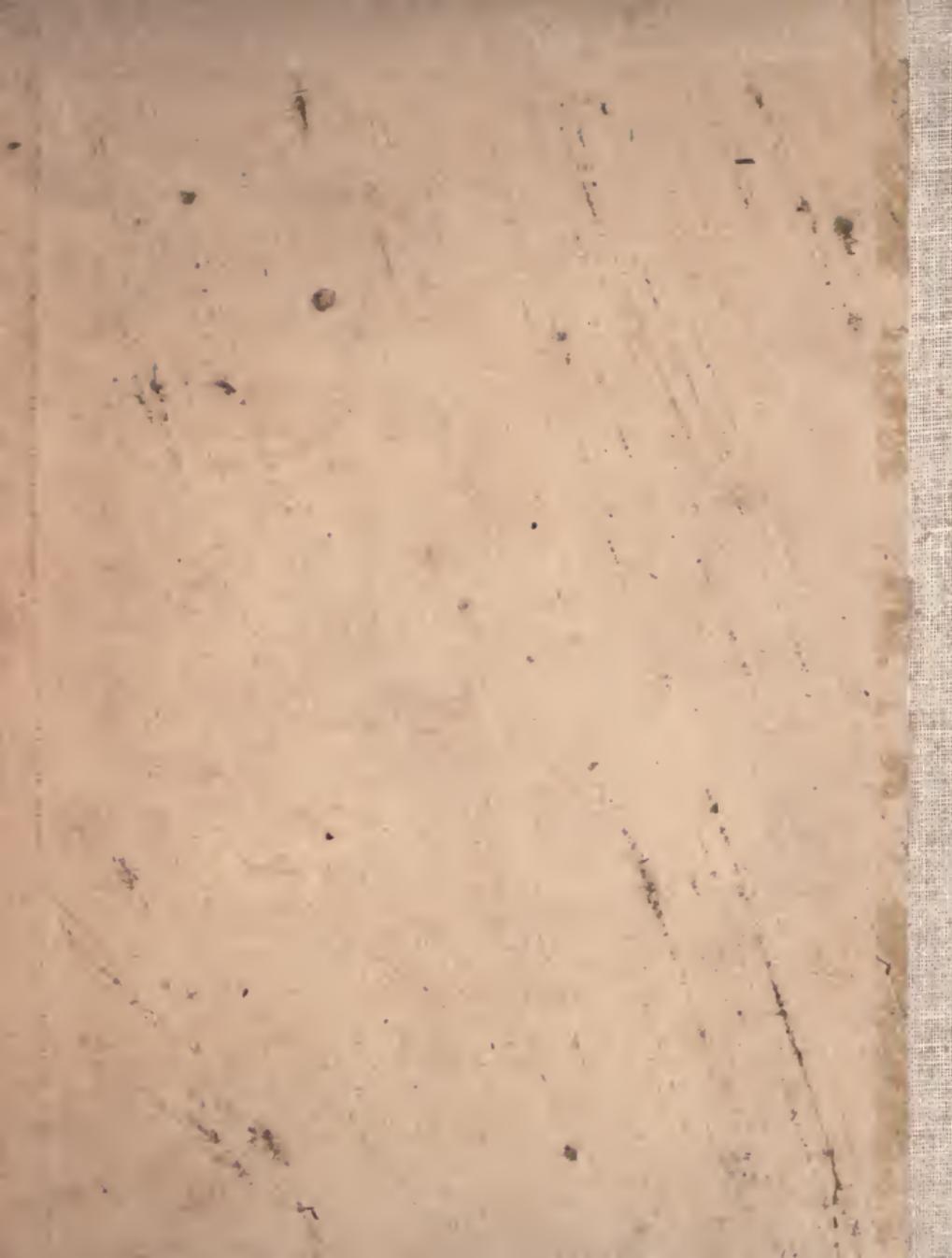
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# S E L E C T   T A L E S

IN

Prose and Verse.

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BY PETER PARLEY.

(FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ANNUAL.)

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE present Tales are taken from Peter Parley's Magazine and Annual, which possess nearly the largest circulation of any periodical work, yet price puts them out of the reach of a large number of readers, who would gladly possess them in the present shape.

Should the purchaser find that his young friend has the same Tales in the Annual, the proprietor feels assured that the bookseller would not hesitate for a moment to exchange the book for any other volume of the same value.



## TALES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY



## STORY OF QUEEN MARGARET.

THE Wars of the Roses, as they were called, were the most bloody that ever occurred in any country or at any time. The Yorkists and Lancasterians were infuriated against each other to a degree of frenzy; and the poor, good, but spiritless Henry VI., on one side, and Edward IV. and his brothers on the other, devastated England by their abominable and wicked quarrels.

Edward IV. was one of the vilest wretches that ever lived: this tyrant was hardened against any feelings of compassion. One Burdett, a tradesman of London, who kept a shop at the sign of the Crown, having said in a joke that he would make his son heir to the Crown, this pleasantry was interpreted by the tyrant, Edward, into a derision of his title, and the poor fellow was condemned and executed for the trumpery offence. Similar acts of tyranny were proper preludes to the events which ensued; and the scaffold as well as the field incessantly streamed with the richest blood of England.

The spirit of Margaret, Queen of Henry VI., was masculine and indomitable. She had collected an army in Yorkshire, sixty thousand strong, and the king and the Earl of Warwick hastened with forty thousand men to check her progress. In a skirmish for the passage of the river Ayre, the Yorkists were chased back with great slaughter. The Earl of Warwick, dreading the consequences of this disaster, at a time when a decisive action was every hour expected, immediately ordered his horse to be brought to him, which he stabbed before the whole army, and kissing the hilt of his sword, swore that he was determined to share the fate of the meanest soldier. And, to show the greater security, a proclamation was at that time issued, giving to every one full liberty to retire, but menacing the severest punishment to those who should discover any symptoms of cowardice in the ensuing battle.

At last the hostile armies met at Towton, and a fierce and bloody battle ensued, which ended in a total victory on the side of the Yorkists. Edward issued orders to give no quarter. The routed army was pursued to Tadcaster, with great bloodshed and confusion, and above thirty-six thousand men are computed to have fallen in the battle and the pursuit.

Henry and Margaret had remained at York during the action ; and learning the defeat of their army, and being sensible that the prize was irrecoverably lost, they fled with great precipitation into Scotland, accompanied by the Duke of Exeter.

Edward, however, instead of pursuing the fugitive king and queen, returned to London, where the Parliament recognised his title, and passed an act of attainder against Henry and Margaret. But Louis the Eleventh, of France, having sent a reinforcement to Henry, it again enabled Margaret to take the field.

But the prompt Earl of Warwick met Margaret at Hexham, where a bloody battle was fought, which ended in the defeat of Henry and his queen ; and all the nobles who were taken prisoners were either butchered on the spot, or suffered on the scaffold, by order of the tyrant Edward.

The fate of the royal family was pitiable. Margaret, flying with her son into a forest, was beset, during the darkness of the night, by robbers, who despoiled her of her rings and jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The partition of the rich booty raised a quarrel among them ; and, while their attention was thus engaged, she took the opportunity of plunging with her son into the depths of the forest, where she wandered for some time, spent with hunger and fatigue, and overwhelmed with terror and affliction.

While in this wretched condition, she saw a robber approach with a naked sword in his hand ; and, finding that she had no means of escape, with singular presence of mind she advanced towards him, and, presenting to him the young prince, said, "Here, my friend, I commit to your protection the king's son." The man, whose humanity and generous spirit had been obscured, but not entirely lost,

by his vicious course of life, was charmed with the confidence reposed in him, and devoted himself to her service

By his means the queen and her son dwelt for some time in the forest; at last she was conducted to the sea-coast, and made a safe passage to Flanders. Her husband, Henry VI., was not so fortunate; he was discovered in Lancaster, and committed to the Tower, where he perished in a manner never clearly revealed.

Such is a brief account of one of the most extraordinary periods of English history. We ought to be thankful that we live in peaceable times, and especially that we are exempt from civil wars, which are very lamentable occurrences



FRENCH AND ENGLISH

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THERE were six merry children, all frolic and fun,  
At play on a green 'neath the midsummer sun ;  
And thus they sang, in their heartsome glee,—  
“ We're French and English—three against three  
These are the Frenchmen, meagre and thin,  
Hop, skip, and jump,—do you think they'll win ?  
These are the Englishmen, sturdy and stout ;  
Brave in the battle, they'll win, no doubt.  
Pull away, pull with all your might—  
Pull away—that's the way we fight.

“ Twenty battles we fight in a day ;  
Some we win, as best we may ;  
Some we lose, but we care not a pin—  
If we did not laugh, we should always win.  
French and English—here we stand—  
Three in an army, on either hand !  
Pull away, pull with all your might—  
Pull away—that's the way we fight.

“ Who cares for a battle, where nobody's slain!  
They who are down may get up again!  
None run away, like a coward or knave—  
Frenchmen and Englishmen, all are brave!  
Now again let the battle be tried,  
Three for an army on either side;  
Pull away, pull with all your might—  
Pull away—that's the way we fight!”



## THE GUINEA PIGS.



HERE they are, dear little creatures, as fond and as tame as most animals can be. I dare say most of my young friends are fond of Guinea pigs, and have one day or other made pets of them. No doubt you would like to hear a story about them.

You must know, then, that, once upon a time, when Peter Parley was a little boy, there was a youngster who was very fond of pets; and, although he was by no means a bad-hearted child, yet he was very apt to neglect them. His first pets were Guinea pigs.

One day he said to his mamma, "Oh, dear mamma, I do so wish that I had something for a pet. There is Master Sambourn has his rabbits, and young Master Roberts his squirrels, and why may I not have some Guinea pigs?"

"I am afraid, my dear child," said his mamma, "that you would not attend to them as you ought; that you would be fond of them at first, but that, as soon as the novelty was worn off, you would be sure to neglect them, and they would come to an untimely grave, as the pet sparrow did."

"But, mamma, a Guinea pig is quite different to a sparrow. I am sure I should not neglect them, mamma; because a Guinea pig is so very interesting, and it will run round you so prettily, and climb about you, and make itself quite at home. So, dear mamma, do let me have five shillings, to buy the whole lot, box and altogether—only five shillings—do, there is a dear mamma."

"No, my dear," said his mother, "I really must refuse you."

Now, although Edwin was but a little boy, he said to himself, "I know it is only because mamma wants to save her money; it is not because she really thinks I shall neglect the Guinea pigs, but because she does not like to part with her money." He thought himself very cunning, did he not?

So Edwin began to pout and whine, and to tease his mamma, being determined to let her have no peace. "You know, mamma," said he, "I shall be so fond of them. I will make them a house;

and then I could cut some grass, and dry it, and make hay for them to lie upon ; and I could sow some oats for them in my garden. I should not want anything else to amuse me all the year round."

Whether to humour him, or to teach him a lesson, I will not say, but his mamma gave him five shillings ; and off he ran and purchased the milk-white, red-eyed Guinea pigs.

Joyful enough was he when he brought them home. He paraded them round the house, showed them to every member of the family, housemaid, laundry-maid, footman, and cook ; and everybody praised them, and said they were most beautiful creatures.

The next morning Edwin rose early, and began to look for wood to build a large case. He procured a saw, nails, and hammer, and at last found some old planks, and began to saw them, and cut them, and chisel, and plane, till his little arms ached.

He had soon cut up two or three pieces of board, but to no purpose ; one was too short, another too long ; a third had a knot in it, and a fourth was spoiled in splitting. Vexed at his want of success, Edwin said, " I shall not make them a house to-night, they must be content with being fastened in the coal-hole ; they will have plenty of room to run about."

So the Guinea pigs were put into the coal-hole, with a handful of cabbage leaves, and told to make themselves happy till the morning ; and, as it happened to be the Fifth of November, Edwin went to amuse himself by letting off fireworks.

In the morning Edwin went to the coal-hole to look after his charge. There they were, sure enough ; but, instead of being a beautiful white party, they had, by running about among the coals, become almost as black as the coal itself.

"Well, I never!" said the little boy—"what dirty little beasts they are!" And so he tried to catch them; but the Guinea pigs not liking to be caught, led the youngster a fine dance in the coal-hole, and at last he fell over a large lump of coal and dirtied his clean frill and white pinafore.

It was difficult to say which was the dirtiest, Edwin or his Guinea pigs. The little boy, however, being quite out of patience, made no farther effort, but shut the coal hole door, and in great terror ran to the nursery-maid, to put him into cleaner trim. He did not visit the coal-hole again that day, and so the poor things were kept without food, for Edwin totally forgot that he had not fed his pets.

However, the next day he again repaired to the place, and having caught the Guinea pigs, took them into the stable-yard, and put them into an unoccupied pig-stye. The first intention of making a house was quite given up, and Edwin began to think that Guinea pigs were great plagues; he, however, gave them some more cabbage-leaves and left them.

The fact was, Edwin was getting tired of his pets: he, however, bought them a few oats, and gave them a little hay. At last he quite forgot his Guinea pigs for two days; and when he went to look at them, he was surprised to find them all dead but one, and that was lying on its side. He called to it, and the poor thing looked at him, and seemed pleased to see him.

Edwin took it up. It seemed to have lost the use of its hind legs. It squeaked when it was touched, and so the little boy laid it down again. He felt it all over; it was very thin, and appeared to be half-starved.

Edwin now ran and got a saucer-full of oats, and placed it beside

the poor thing : the poor Guinea pig looked grateful, and tried to eat, but could not.

Edwin, on placing his hand closer by its side, felt the beatings of its heart: it went beat, beat, beat—throb, throb, throb, quicker than a watch, and every now and then its head twitched, as if it were in great pain. And yet the poor animal seemed glad to have some one by its side, and rubbed its nose against Edwin's hand; and then it panted again, and its eye grew dim—it was dying. Poor little Edwin now began to cry.

“ Oh, my poor little dear ! ” said he, “ what shall I do to make you well ? Oh, what would I give ! Oh, I have killed you, I know I have ! Oh, my poor little dear, let me kiss you ! ” Here the little fellow stooped down to kiss it: at that moment it gave a struggle—in the next it was dead.

Edwin's eyes were full of tears; and when he could see through them, and found out what had happened, he broke out into loud sobs and cries. “ Oh, my dear little pig ! Oh, I have killed my little Guinea pig ! Oh, what shall I do ! ” he uttered in deepest grief.

“ Aye,” said his mamma, who was called to the spot by his outcries, “ I feared it would be thus.”

“ Oh, dear mamma, do not scold me : I know I have been very naughty. Oh, I do love my dear little Guinea pig ! I love it more now it is dead than I did when it was alive. But is it really dead, mamma ? No ! is it ? It is quite warm, and may get well again. Say it will, there is a dear, dear mamma.” And then the little boy wept again.

Edwin was overcome with grief—but it was now too late. Sad was the next night to him, for something told him he had been cruel

to that he had promised to love. He got no sleep ; and early in the morning he arose and went to the place where his pet was laid.

He wept all the next day ; and in the evening he dug a grave in his own little garden, close by the side of a young rose-tree. Then he wrapped the body in some nice hay, and laid it in its narrow cell, and placed rose-leaves upon it, and covered it gently with the earth. His heart was like to burst when he heaped the mould over it, and he was forced to pause in his task by the full gushing of his tears.

“ My child,” said his mamma, who had watched him at his sorrowful task, “ if you had taken half the trouble for your Guinea pig when it was alive as you do now he is dead, he would have been alive now.”

“ Yes, yes, dear mamma, I know—I know ; but do tell me—pray do—will not Guinea pigs go to heaven ? Is there not some place where they can be happy ? I hope my poor dear little pig may.” And here the little fellow sobbed again.

“ Give me a kiss, my dear boy, said his mamma. Come, leave this spot.” And so she led him gently away from the grave.

The lesson Peter Parley would convey to his young readers from this story is, for them always to remember that when they take a thing up they ought not hastily to let it fall again ; and that constancy and faithfulness are virtues which all would do well to cultivate

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THE EPHEMERA.

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THERE they fly, round and round, in and out, across and between—shooting and dancing, bobbing and twisting. Thousands upon thousands, all apparently in high delight, and following old Peter Parley as if he was one of them.

Truly man is an ephemeron ; he comes into the world to dance away his busy day, and then returns again to dust. But I am not going to moralise just now, but to tell my young friends something about the dancing little insects, so troublesome on a summer's evening.

One of my young friends, to whom I had been, the day before, explaining the structure of some minute vegetables of the fungus kind, called on me the following evening to tell me of a discovery he had just made of a new and beautiful plant of this lowly class, and begged I would the succeeding morning walk to the place of its growth.

He led me to a brook not far from the little retired hamlet of Whitton, between Hounslow and Twickenham, over a narrow part of which an antique willow, declining under the infirmities of age, and robbed of half the earth that used at once to support and supply

nourishment to its roots, by the effects of the undermining stream, extended its slant trunk, and spread in every direction its tortuous branches. The youth mounted the little ascent to the head of the tree, with all that warmth that attends the pride of discovery, and pointing to a drooping bough which hung immediately over the water, showed me a multitude of his favourite objects. I discovered at first sight what they were ; but, as information always remains longest when it is the effect of a person's own observation, I took out my pocket microscope, and desiring him to cut off a piece of the branch on which what he called the plants were placed, separated one of them from it, and adapting it to the glass, gave it into his hand for examination.

It was not half a minute before he burst into the exclamation—“ How have I been deceived ! As I am alive it is the egg of some animal ! ”

At the same instant I fixed my eye upon a fly employed on another part of one of the branches, already loaded with these bodies, in a manner that perfectly explained what was going forward.

I led him to the best place for making the necessary observations, and we had the pleasure to see the whole process of their formation. The creature presently applied the extremity of her tail, to which at that instant there hung a drop of a glutinous fluid, close to the branch. She by this means lodged a particle of liquid glue, as it were, on its bark : from this, raising her hinder part very slowly to the height of three quarters of an inch, she drew after her a thread of the liquid, which almost immediately hardened in the air into a firm and solid substance, capable of supporting itself erect. She paused a few moments, while it acquired a sufficient firmness for her purpose, and

then deposited upon its summit an egg of an oblong figure, milk white in colour, and covered with the same gluey moisture. The egg became fixed in an instant on the top of its slender pedestal, and the fly went on depositing more in the same manner.

A cluster of these eggs regularly supported on pedules of the length of small pins, and arising each from a broad shining base on the bark, had given my young botanist the idea of a set of little fungi; but, on examining the first that came to hand before the microscope, it proved to be big with life—an egg just disclosing a fine white worm.

Nature has so provided for the winged tribe of insects, that they all of them pass a part of their lives, and that, indeed, the greatest part, in the form of reptiles; their wings, their eyes, and the rest of their wonderful apparatus, are too delicate and tender to be trusted to the air immediately from the egg. The creature is, therefore, covered with a peculiar skin, under which it wears the form of a maggot, a worm, or a caterpillar, till at the destined period, when all the parts are grown firm, and ready to perform their several offices, the perfect animal appears in the form of its parent, out of the disguise of the reptile state.

The worms thus produced from the eggs of beetles, and are the disguised forms of the beetle brood, feed on wood. The caterpillars, which are the reptile state of the butterflies, feed on different substances.

It is the fate of the worm thus hatched from the egg of this peculiar species, to live under water, protected by the covert of a clay shed in the bank, and there to feed on lesser insects that inhabit the mud. When the time of its appearing under the fly state arrives, it

leaves the water, and the perfect insect bursts from its case upon dry land.

The life of the creature in its winged state is of short duration—the continuance of its species is then all its duties. It flits about in the air for a short time, and then passes to that eternal round of existence which is characteristic of the works of nature in all things.



CAMELS.

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In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,  
The driver, Hassan, with his camels passed ,  
One cruise of water on his back he bore,  
And his light scrip contained a scanty store.  
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,  
And not a tree and not a herb was nigh.  
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;  
Hoarse roared the winds, and dreary was the view.

So saith the poet of the camel, one of the most extraordinary and the most useful of animals. There are two species of which I shall have to say a few words ; but, before I do so, I intreat my young readers to contemplate the picture of the camel, represented in a succeeding page.

The two species of the camel are both inhabitants of the Eastern continent, but neither of them at present exists except in a state of domestication. There have been reports of wild ones in different parts both of Southern Asia and Central Africa, but these reports are not well substantiated.

The principal species are the Arabian and the Bactrian ; but there is not much difference between them, except that the former is proportionably larger in the body and lower on the legs than the other, and has two humps.

The Arabian camel may be considered as the camel par excellence, as it is the one that is best known, and employed on the most difficult as well as on the most important journeys. To the Arab in the desert, especially those parts of it in which neither sheep nor goats can be kept, the camel is an exceedingly valuable animal, and in this respect approaches nearer to the ox than perhaps any other animal.

The flesh of the camel is eaten, and the milk is applied to all the common domestic purposes ; their hair is manufactured into clothing, and also into coverings for tents. The hide, which is very thick and strong, is used for making sandals, saddles, pitchers, shields, and various other articles. The owner with his family and all their little appointments are carried from place to place on the backs of camels. When the camel kneels down for repose during the night, his side forms a pillow ; and when the sand drives before the storm in the desert, the rider takes shelter under the lee of the kneeling camel, as is beautifully represented in the large print of the " Dying Camel," just published.

Upon some occasions camels are ranged round the encampment, forming both a shelter and, at least, a temporary means of defence, in cases of attack during the night by the hordes of the desert. The camel and the desert thus appear to be made for each other, and has been called emphatically the sheep of the desert.

An Arabian camel can carry a load of between 700 and 800 pounds weight, and travel with it at the rate of about two miles and a half in



the hour. When less heavily laden, it can travel faster, though not above three miles in the hour.

Camels are sometimes used in war, and small pieces of ordnance are occasionally mounted on their backs; but the principal use of them is for more pacific purposes. When a horde of these marauding tribes, who depend much on their camels, remains stationary in any locality, they let their camels pasture together in considerable flocks, but the males and females are kept in separate pastures.

The Arabian camel is, in the largest breeds, about seven feet in height: it has but one hump, which is nearly in the middle of the back.

The Bactrian camel can be easily distinguished from the Arabian, by its having two humps, one over the shoulder, and the other over the lumbar part of the spine. This, although lower on the legs, is altogether about a foot taller than the Arabian; and it is stronger, and better adapted for walking on hard surfaces, than its southern neighbour.

Attempts have been made to introduce the camel and dromedary (which the first species of camel is also called) into our West India Islands, but they have not succeeded. The camels used as beasts of burden in Egypt are all dromedaries; and the first experiment which a European makes on bestriding one, is generally a service of some little danger, from the peculiarity of the animal's movement in rising. Denen, the French traveller, has described this with his usual veracity.

During the French invasion of Egypt, a part of Dessaix's division, to which the scientific traveller was attached, was sent with camels to a distant part across the desert. The camel, slow as he generally is

in his actions, lifts up his hind legs very briskly at the instant the rider is in the saddle; the man is thus thrown forward: a similar movement of the fore legs throws him backward: each motion is repeated; and it is not till the fourth motion, when the camel is fairly on his feet, that the rider can recover his balance. It often happens that those unprepared for the hinder rising are thrown over the animal's nose, as poor Peter Parley was, when he mounted one, for the sake of experiment, in the Zoological Gardens.



## THE INDIAN BIRD.



A MAIDEN had an Indian bird,  
And she kept it in her bower;  
The sweetest bird that e'er was seen,—  
Its feathers were of the light sea-green,

And its eye had a mild intelligence,  
As if it were gifted with human sense:  
In the English tongue it had no name  
But a gentle thing it was, and tame,  
And at the maiden's call it came:

And thus it sung one twilight hour,  
In a wild tone so sweet and low,  
As made a luxury of woe.

“ The nest was made of the silver moss,  
And was built in the nutmeg tree,  
Far in an ancient forest shade,  
That sprung when the very world was made,  
In an Indian isle beyond the sea

“ There were four of us in the little nest,  
And under our mother's wings we lay;  
And the father the nutmeg leaves among,  
To the rising moon he sat and sung—  
For he sung both night and day.

“ And, oh, he sung so sweetly,  
The very winds were hushed!  
And the elephant hunters all drew near  
In joy that wondrous song to hear  
That like wild waters gushed.

“ And the little creatures of the wood  
To hear it had a great delight,  
All but the wild wolf-cat, that prowls  
To seek his prey at night.

“ The wild wolf-cat of the mountains old,  
He stole to that tree of ours—  
All silently he stole at night,  
Like the green snake 'mong the flowers.

“ His eyes were like two dismal fires,  
    His back was dusky grey;  
And he seized our father while he sung,  
    Then bounded with him away.

“ Wild was the cry the father gave,  
    Till the midnight forest rang;  
And ‘ Oh! ’ said the kindly hunters then,  
‘ Some savage creature, from its den,  
Hath pounced upon that gentle bird,  
    And seized it as it sang! ’

“ All wearily passed that woful night  
    With our poor mother’s wail;  
And we watched, from out our little nest,  
The great round moon go down to rest,  
    And the little stars grow pale.

“ And then I felt our mother’s heart  
    Flutter, as in a wild surprise;  
And we saw from a leafy bough above,  
    The basilisk-snake, with its stony eyes.

“ It lay on the bough like a bamboo rod,  
    All freckled and barred with green and brown;  
And the terrible light of its freezing eyes  
    Through the nutmeg boughs came down.

“ And lithely towards the little nest  
    It slid, and nearer it drew,  
And its poisonous breath, like a stifling cloud,  
    ‘Mong the nutmeg leaves it threw.

“ Ah me! and I felt ~~our~~ mother’s heart,  
As it beat in an awful fear;  
And she gave a cry that any beast  
But the basilisk-snake had been woe to hear.

“ But he spared her not for her beautiful wings;  
He spared her not for her cry;  
And the silence of death came down on the woods.  
That had rung with her agony.

“ And there we lay, four lonely ones!  
That live-long day, and pined and pined;  
And dismally through the forest-trees  
Went by the moaning wind.

“ We watched the dreary stars come out,  
And the pitiless moon come up the sky,  
And many a dreadful sound we heard—  
The serpent’s hiss and the jackal’s cry,  
And then a hush of downy wings  
The nutmeg tree went by.

“ And ever and ever that dreamy sound  
For a long, long hour we heard;  
And then the eyes so terrible,  
And the hooked beak, we knew them well,  
Of the cruel dragon-bird!

“ We were his prey; and then there came,  
In the light of the morning sun,  
The giant eagle from the rock;  
He swooped on the nest with a heavy shock,  
And left but me, the lonely

“ Oh, sorrow comes to the feeble thing,  
 And I was feeble as could be!  
 And next the arrowy lightning came,  
 And smote our nutmeg-tree.

“ Down went the tree; down went the nest,  
 And I had soon been dead of cold,  
 But that a Bramin, passing by,  
 Beheld me with his kindly eye:  
 He bore me thence, and for a space  
 He kept me in a holy place,  
 Within a little cage of gold.

The Bramin's daughter tended me,  
 A gentle maid and beautiful;  
 And all day long to me she sung,  
 And all around my cage she hung  
 The large white-lily fresh and cool.

“ And so I lived,—in joy I lived;  
 And, when my wings were strong,  
 She placed me in a banyan tree,  
 Of her sweet will to set me free,  
 For the Bramin doth no creature wrong.

“ But I could not leave that kind old man;  
 I could not leave that maiden bright;  
 And so my little nest I built  
 Beneath their temple's roof, and dwelt  
 Among sweet flowers, and all fair things,  
 The Indian people's offerings;  
 And me she called her 'soul's delight'—  
 In that land's speech a loving name;  
 And thenceforth it my name became.

“ But bloody war was in the land;  
The old man and the maid were slain;  
The precious things were borne away—  
A ruined heap the temple lay,  
And I among the spoil was ta'en.

“ They said I was an idol bird,  
That I had been enshrined there,  
And that the people worshipped me,  
And that my gentle maiden fair  
Was priestess to the sea-green bird!  
'Twas false!—yet thus they all averred,  
And in the city I was sold  
For a great price in counted gold.  
Thy merchant-father purchased me,  
And I was borne across the sea;  
Thou know'st the rest: I am not sad;  
With thee, sweet maiden, all are glad!”



STORY OF A FOREST.

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## CHAPTER I.

BEAUTIFUL sunlight—how it danced upon the trees and the flowers; and how bright it made the clouds, and how blue was the sky on the morning of the first of May.

It was May-day. Scores of little children were met in every field, gathering posies to make garlands with. Cowslips, and primroses, and daisies, blue-bells, and butter-cups, were gathered by handfuls from the shaded brook-side, the sunny bank, or the bespangled mead.

And as to the birds, they sang a hallelujah on that day from every tree. The sunshine, the odour of flowers, the fragrant breath of the apple-trees, loaded with blossom, gave them new voice. They sang in parts, in chorus, a sweet shrill roundelay. I think I hear their music even now.

I was roving from mead to mead on that beautiful day; and even felt my heart and limbs almost young again. The butterflies that fluttered by me, the bees that hummed round me, and the birds that sung over me, were not more joyous than I was on that day.

I wandered about for some time, till at last I crossed into a meadow which formed part of a very sweet dell. At the bottom grew a cluster of shady trees, and I heard the voices of children, shouting, calling, hooping, singing ;—to me this was the sweetest music of all ; for I do like to see children happy.

I made towards the spot from which the sounds proceeded ; and such a group—aye, twenty little fellows, of all ages, from four to twelve. And droll enough they looked. They were playing soldiers. Some of them had helmets made of pasteboard, most of them swords made of lath. Then there were others with long sticks for guns, some with toy guns, and several with flags ; that is, their handkerchiefs were tied to sticks longer than those which served for guns.

And very earnest indeed they seemed to be ! Such order and disorder ; such arranging in line ; and “ You stand there,” and “ You stand there ;” “ Now, make ready, present, fire.” Then, “ I won’t play without you do as I tell you ;” and, “ There, there is Dashwood out of his line.” “ Stand up, Smith.” “ But my bootlace is down.” “ Stop, let me put my shield on ;” and so forth.

This last sentence was spoken by a little fellow, who had very ingeniously contrived himself a wicker shield, and cried out, “ Now I am an ancient Briton.”

“ And I am an ancient Roman,” said another, with a bunch of cock’s tail feathers in a kind of pasteboard helmet ; “ Mind, I am the general : now you all do as I tell you. I will have it all my own way, or else I won’t play at all. So stand up.” With that he gave a little boy, about nine years of age, a violent push which threw him down backwards.

The little boy who fell down was a very meek little fellow, and

never quarrelled with any one. He was rather delicately made, with light hair and eyes, and had on a nice white pinafore, and a little frill round his neck.

He shed a few tears at being thrown down in this manner; and one of his companions came up to him, and said, "Never mind, Edwin, I dare say Rushton did not mean to do it."

"And why did not he stand out of the way, then? A general has a right to make 'em stand up, has he not?" said Rushton.

"Well, if he had pushed me down in that way," said Dashwood, "I know what I should have done."

"And what would you have done?" said the general. "Why don't you do it? You had better do it. I should like to see you begin upon it."

"Pray do not quarrel on my account," said Edwin. "I don't mind a tumble? I dare say Rushton did not mean it."

"Of course I did not," said the general. "But you must stand up, if you are going to be soldiers—and follow me."

So away they went, drumming, and stamping, and marching along; their flags waving, their guns shouldered, and every one looking like a hero.

Presently Rushton cried out "Halt. Heads up." Just at this instant they were startled by the bark of a dog, and in a moment afterwards saw a little lamb scampering down the declivity of the next field. The dog gained upon the lamb, which ran as fast it was able towards the river at the bottom of the field.

"Catch him, boy—bite him, boy! Halloo! Halloo!" said Rushton, who was echoed by nearly all the boys, who thought it good sport to see the dog worry the lamb.

Presently the dam appeared on the brow of the hill, moaning most piteously: she looked towards the water, and seemed quite confounded.

The poor little lamb to get away from the dog had dashed into the stream. The dog followed, and was worrying the lamb in the water Edwin could behold this no longer, and immediately ran at full speed till he came to the brink of the river. First he threw his little gun at the dog, then two or three stones; but the ferocious animal would not leave his hold of the lamb, whose head was now under water.

Edwin then jumped into the stream, which was up to his arm-pits. He waded till he got near, but it was of no use, as the stream carried both dog and lamb before it; he, therefore, being a good swimmer, dashed boldly from the shore, and in a few minutes drove off the dog, and got the lamb out of the water.

When the little creature reached the dry ground, it immediately gave a spring, and ran towards its dam, who seeing it coming, trotted to meet it. And if you had seen how the little thing wagged its tail as it pulled at the dug, you would have some idea of how delighted it was.

Edwin was, however, wet through and quite exhausted when he came out of the water. Some said, "Well done, Edwin," and praised him; but Rushton said he had no business to go out of his rank, to spoil the sport, and should not play with them any longer: he also called the boys to come away, and not to stop with a drowned rat.

They all obeyed this mandate except the little boy who helped Edwin up when he was pushed backwards by Rushton. This little fellow, whose name was Alfred, was very fond of Edwin, and would not leave him. "Take off your clothes," said he, "and we will dry

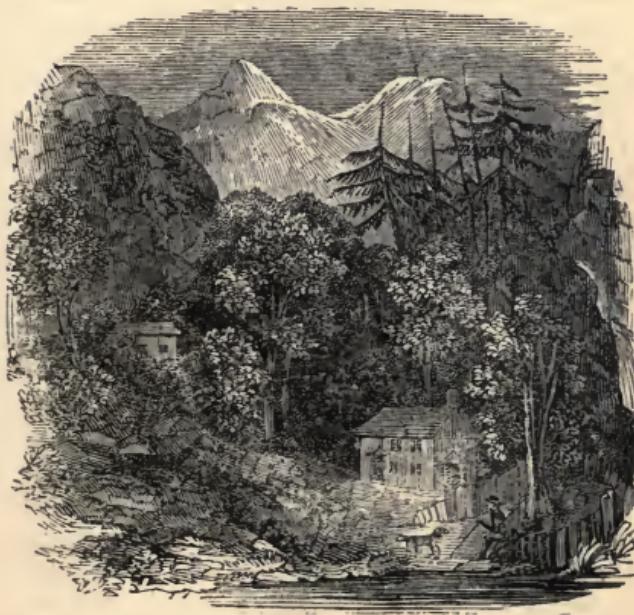
them in the sun ; and then we will go into Thorny Dell, and look for lords and ladies"—i. e. the cuckoo-pint.

So the regiment of soldiers marched off like heroes—as they were not, and left Edwin and Alfred to keep each other company, and amuse themselves as they could.



## THE SWISS COTTAGE.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.



ABOUT fourteen years since I was travelling in a melancholy mood through one of the loveliest valleys of Switzerland: business had compelled me to leave my own country, and my melancholy arose from thinking of a wife and children far away. With the recollec-

tion of my own little dwelling, my orchard and garden, in the heart of my beloved native land—in such a state of mind it was natural for me to fancy every peasant I saw, as I passed along, more happy than myself, inasmuch as I supposed him nearer to his home, and to that beloved domestic circle in which our most tender natural feelings find their dearest objects.

It was the afternoon. I had breakfasted at a small inn, inclosed in a deep valley between two hills, and had descended towards noon into one of those exquisitely beautiful spots, of which few can form an idea who have not visited similar regions of Alpine beauty. It was by a very narrow passage that we entered the valley, and descended into a hollow where the greensward was scattered over with forest trees, and watered by several pure streams, which meeting together in the bottom of the valley, formed a small lake, on the polished surface of which were represented all the various beauties on its banks. Beyond the lake the ground arose precipitously, being richly diversified with rock and wood; and above the remote horizon, as it were, floating in ether, appeared a long range of snowy heights, presenting cones and pyramids of celestial brilliancy.

The bleating of sheep, and the hum of multitudes of bees, together with the rush of waters, and the murmur of the breeze among the lofty branches, added new charms to this enchanting spot; and as my wheels moved slowly round, I fell into a train of thoughts such as are commonly suggested by a beautiful landscape, in a country where the inhabitants are unknown to us, and where we are wholly unacquainted with the little cabals and heart-burnings which exist in every place where human beings have fixed their habitations.

Here, thought I, upon the brow of some agreeable hill, such as

is now before me, in the depths of some retired province, I would have my habitation—namely, a white house, with green lattices : I would have my garden filled with culinary vegetables, and my park should be a green meadow ; the fruits, at the discretion of those that walk in my garden, should neither be counted nor gathered by my



gardener ; all our repasts should be a feast where abundance will please more than delicacies.

In such a retirement as this how I thought I should delight to dwell—far from the world, far from all its pompous pageants and gilded vanities—excluded from all society but that of friends, most

dear and precious in my sight, how great, how pure, how perfect would my enjoyment be ! How happy are the inhabitants of this valley ! Give them but a taste for literature—give them but a little polish of manners, and the Arcadia of the poets would no longer be an imaginary state.

While indulging in these meditations we had descended farther into the valley, and had passed beneath the shade of the trees ; and as I proceeded, I seemed to be sometimes lost in the obscurity of a wood, and at other times to be travelling beneath arches of rock, which hung terrifically over my head. In one part of the valley sunny meadows opened to my view, gaily enamelled with every variety of flowers, the perfumed cups of which seemed to promise a rich regale to the multitude of bees which roved from sweet to sweet ; and in another I seemed to be departing from the channels of the brooks, being wholly unprepared for the instant when they should burst again upon the senses, and come dashing forward from some rocky height, to cross the very footsteps of the horses.

At length a lovely cottage, such as poets have delighted to imagine, with all the most delightful circumstances of a roof of thatch, a rustic porch, and casement windows, presented itself, a little before me, on a green slope, half retired behind a group of apple-trees, then bending down beneath the weight of their golden fruit. It was situated beneath an impending rock, from whence hung in beautiful festoons the branches of a vine, whose rich clusters were just beginning to assume their autumnal tint. A cow was feeding quietly on the green lawn before the door of the house, and a young woman sitting near to her on the bank, playing with a little infant. In the porch was an old woman with a spindle and wheel, and on the summit of a ladd?

fixed against one of the trees, by the side of the house, was a peasant, who seemed quite in the prime of life, occupied in throwing down fruit to a group of little children who stood beneath the tree. To finish the picture, a creature of the feline order, with dainty step and murderous intent, was stealing along the thatch above the porch, and a row of beehives were arranged beneath the wall.



“Here,” I thought, as this beautiful picture broke upon my view with all its interesting features—“here surely is an exemplification of that unbroken peace and sweet domestic happiness, of which I have so often formed the image in my own mind. How enviable is the state of yonder peasant who stands on the ladder, surrounded by

his family—his aged mother, his wife, his little ones: the mother in whose arms he was reared; the partner of his life, whom no doubt he chose from the purest feelings of affection—for the love of money, which is the motive of so many marriages, can hardly have been felt in this simple scene. All these are gathered round him—all these contribute to his happiness—all these administer to his wants, and receive him with their sweetest smiles when he returns wearied with his healthy labours. Oh, happy peasant! kings might envy thee, and wish in vain to change conditions with thee. Thou hast every thing which mortal could desire."

Thus I thought, and to this effect I no doubt should have spoken, had any one been with me in the carriage; but there was no one near me but the coachman, with his great jack-boots and musical whip—for the drivers in Switzerland have the art of making their whips express many things, which we should consider beyond the reach of whiccord. I was, therefore, obliged to submit to be dragged up the eminence in silence, little foreseeing the sudden stoppage which was to take place; for I had scarcely been brought in a direct line with the cottage, when the carriage was suddenly thrown nearly over upon a bank, and when I could recollect myself I found myself lying against its side, having experienced no manner of injury. I was presently drawn out of the carriage by the coachman, assisted by the peasant, amid the ejaculations and cries of the whole family from the cottage. It was soon ascertained that the carriage could go no farther until the wheel had been mended; and as I did not choose to leave my portmanteau, and walk on to the next village, where there was an inn, I obtained permission to remain at the cottage till the wheel was repaired.

While the coachman went in search of the nearest smith, I was left to the hospitality of the peasant and his family, and permitted to look more closely into the real state of things, as it regarded the happiness of this family, than I had expected. As far as externals went, these objects of my vain speculation lost nothing by a nearer inspection. The Swiss peasantry are in general handsome, and the children are lovely. The little ones of this family bloomed with health, and were as active as the chamois of their own mountains; added to which they had eyes of a dark and brilliant blue, and long flowing ringlets of silky hair. The dress, too, of these cottagers was becoming, because it was clean, whole, and suited to their condition; their house, too, was orderly, and indicated no want of the comforts of life. Neither was any polite attention wanting towards me. They hastened to serve a table for me in the porch, provided with eggs, bacon, vegetables, fruit, and even a bottle of the ordinary wine of the country. Nevertheless, I could not be brought into so intimate an association with these peasants without discovering that there was anything here but that peace which I had so vainly supposed to be their portion; for I was much surprised and disappointed, when seated in the porch of the cottage, awaiting my meal, to hear the voice of discord from within.

A disagreement, it seems, had arisen between the mother and the son respecting the fruit he had been gathering, of which she charged him with having given too much to his children, instead of laying it up in store for winter; and he answered her with surliness, on which the wife interfered, and the children attacked the grandmother. Words ran high, and the young man withdrew at a back door, shutting it after him with violence, and returning no more while I was in the house.

It was, probably, not supposed that I had heard all this, and the old woman came to lay my cloth soon afterwards, with smiling face, indeed, but with a raised complexion, and that sort of fiery expression in the eye which indicates a storm within. Everything, however, passed off quietly till I had dined ; at which time the daughter going out to milk upon the lawn, followed by the little ones, the old lady brought her wheel and sat near me.

" You have a pleasant house and charming family, and everything very comfortable about you, my good woman," I said, thinking it was necessary for me to show my complaisance to one by whom I had been so hospitably served.

" True, Monsieur," she replied ; " we have everything very comfortable, and are as forward in the world as any poor persons in the valley ; and to what is this owing but to my industry ? And did I not get for my son the best wife in all the neighbourhood, and one that had a cow and a chest of linen for her portion ? And yet I have but poor thanks, as you might have heard but now, Monsieur, had you been minded to attend to what passed before my son went out ; but although all prospers, as you see, about us, there is no contentment here. My son and daughter would spend all before them, and I would have them lay up something for a winter's day ; and the children are so wilful, and my daughter-in-law so sullen, that I have a miserable life among them, though I spin and toil for them from rise of day till the going down of the sun ; and many and many is the skein of flax which I have spun for them, even since I have been too blind to thread a needle."

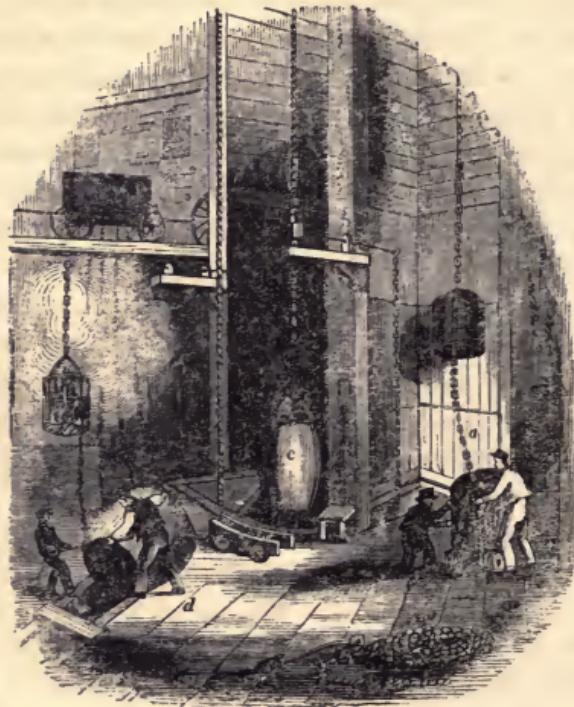
There was irritation in the aged woman's face ; I therefore ventured to suppose, notwithstanding what I had heard of the insolence

of her son, that there might be faults on both sides ; and accordingly I ventured to speak in behalf of the duty of mutual forbearance in families, and of the allowances which the different members of societies should make for each other : on which the old woman begged I would give a little of my good advice to her daughter-in-law, who, she said, had no notion of making allowance for anybody's whims but her own. This was an office for which I had no inclination, and was therefore glad when informed by the coachman that all was ready for the continuation of my journey. Nevertheless, I did not clear the premises of this supposed peaceful cottage before I had witnessed another domestic dispute, in which the young woman showed me that she was perfectly able to fight her own battles.

Upon the whole, however, I had been treated with kindness, and retained some regard for these cottagers, although they had certainly destroyed many very pleasing illusions ; for from that time I always felt a sort of damp on my spirits whenever I attempted, in imagination, to people any pretty cottage, which I happened to pass in my travels, with any of those perfect beings which are said to inhabit romantic valleys, deep forests, and sunny glades.

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## THE COAL MINE.



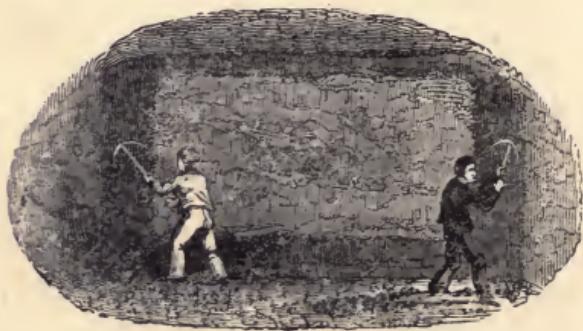
As you draw to the winter's fire when storm is around, and the snow beats thick against the casement, you perchance will think of the value of coal in the warmth, if not also the light that it affords you. And it is to supply us with this useful article that deep pits are sunk

from the surface into the bowels of the earth. No difficulties daunt the miner in the prosecution of his object, be the depth fifty or five times that number of fathoms that he may have to sink before he reach the seam, out of which coal is to be hewn by workmen, and lifted above ground for consumption. Through quicksand of many yards in thickness, and through feeders of water so large as sometimes to discharge from three to four thousand gallons in a minute, does he (with the help afforded him by that grand invention the steam-engine) persevere in driving his shaft, and fixing water-tight iron "tubbing" within its circumference, so as to dam back the sand and water.

Neither do his difficulties cease here; for, after the seam of coal has been reached, and the mine opened out, a supply of fresh air has to be kept up in it, in order that the men may work in safety; and this is effected by means of keeping up a great fire at the foot of one of the shafts, whose powerful draught carries off the foul air. I say "one of the shafts," because you must bear in mind that there are two holes or shafts (or one shaft divided by a brattice or partition in two) sunk from the surface. Without a double shaft, indeed, you must know, that fresh air could no more be conveyed down a pit, than it could be into a room, however large a fire might be blazing up the chimney of that room, with the door (and of course the windows) shut. No fresh air can circulate through a confined or an inclosed space, without the assistance of a draught. It was for want of this draught or free circulation of air, that a number of our unfortunate countrymen were suffocated in what was called the Black Hole of Calcutta, in the year 1756; for, although the place contained two windows, which were eventually opened—from their being on the

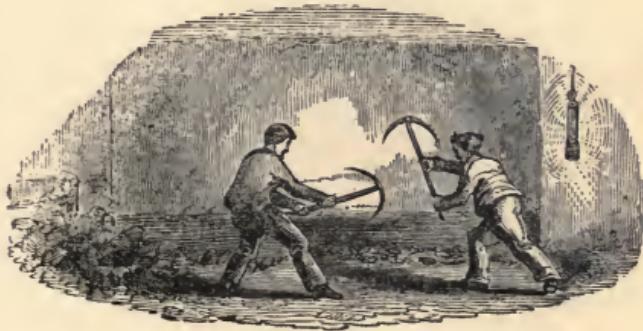
same side of the dungeon, they afforded the dying sufferers no relief.

In a coal-pit, then, there is one shaft (called the descending or down-cast shaft) which supplies the mine with good air, whilst there is another (called the ascending or up-cast shaft) which takes off the bad air; the same being brought about by means of the great fire of which I have told you; whose heat, by thinning or rarifying the air, causes a constant drain of foul air up the ascending shaft, and a corresponding supply of fresh air down the descending shaft.



Some pits, I may tell you, generate so much gas, as to require thousands of cubic feet of air to be sent from above every minute, in order to keep them safe; whilst often the draught in the ventilating shaft (that at whose foot the fire burns) has to be quickened by the help of air-pumps, which suck up the bad air from below, and are worked by a steam engine. But more is needed for the aerating of coal-mines than the merely providing shafts for the bad air to pass up, and the good to pass down and take the place of it: a coal-pit

being full of narrow lanes, through the whole of whose windings, often extending for miles, the fresh air must be circulated before it is permitted to escape up the ascending shaft. This is as essential to the health of a mine, as is a due aeration of the blood to the health of the human body. And to assist this object, trap doors, or valves, are placed in various parts of the mine, to be opened or shut according as the current of air is required to be diverted. And how much of safety or danger hinges upon attention to or neglect of these little



doors I need not tell you. In coal-pits duly ventilated, the work man, though employed so far under ground, breathes an atmosphere sufficiently healthy (though it be anything but promotive of long life) to pursue his labour, whilst horses, which have regular stabling built for them near the foot of the shaft, remain down for years without apparent injury.

Hewing away about twelve feet of the side wall of coal, the work-man leaves a like portion in line with it (so that what is hewn away

and what is left are spaces in *juxta-position*, like the alternating squares of a chess-board), to support the roof or layer of stone that exists immediately above the vein of coal; and to pass on again to hew and again to leave a corresponding untouched space—the intervals of coal so left unwrought being called “pillars,” because they act as such to the roof, which, as you may well imagine, has an enormous weight resting upon it, when you recollect the great depth of pits, and therefore of the superincumbent earth.

As the coal is wrought out of the sides of the pit, it is conveyed in iron tubs, along the railway that traverses the passages of pits, to be raised to the mouth of it. According to the difference of thickness in seams of coal, the hewers have to work in an upright posture or a reclining one. Where the seam of coal is only between four and five feet thick, their bodies of course are bent to a great degree, which, coupled with the bad air they often breathe, makes a pitman’s life by no means a desirable one; whilst he has to risk being beset by two deadly enemies, or gases, that are sometimes evolved: the lighter one called fire-damp, which explodes when it comes in contact with flame, and is said to be always producing in mines, and to be only kept harmless by its constant mixing or dilution with the current of fresh air from the downcast shaft; and the other, or heavier gas, called choke-damp, a poisonous air consisting chiefly of carbonic acid (or carbon mixed with life air), which second gas is brought into activity after the explosion of the first, or fire-damp; and hence, in cases of accident, if unfortunate miners survive the effects of an explosion of the lighter gas, it may only be to incur suffocation from inhaling the heavier gas. Such indeed is the fact, that the miner works with the agents of destruction existing both above and beneath him, having

fire-damp above his head, as it were—whilst if that fire-damp explode, it sets in motion the choke-damp (causing it to mount upwards) which had been previously slumbering harmless at his feet.

In order to give rest from labour, there are two sets of pitmen to a mine, who relieve each other; the one set working one portion of the twenty-four hours, called the day shift, and another the other portion, called the night shift. Sometimes they hew the coal out of the sides with a pick, and sometimes they blast it with gunpowder;



which latter mode of obtaining it is often resorted to, because, when the gunpowder swells or explodes (on its solid substance being changed into gas), its sudden mechanical force disengages the coal in larger pieces than could be procured by mere manual labour.

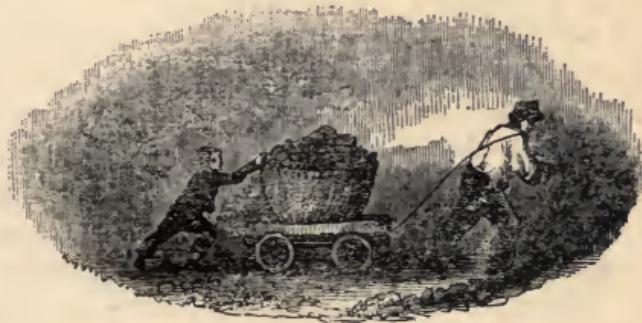
I have told you that in working coal they leave portions of it to support the roof, which if they omitted doing, accidents called creeps (from the roof and floor of the mine closing together, and sometimes

horribly shutting in human beings) might occur, like one accident which took place at a colliery at Long Benton, in Northumberland, in the year 1765 ; when having worked away the whole of the coal pillars, and fixed only slight wooden props in their stead, to sustain a rock of two miles square and seventy-five fathoms thick, the pit fell in, sinking the surface of the earth with it, and doing great damage to many houses, which became disjointed as if by the action of an earthquake.

If you ever make a dive into Nature's kingdom, by descending a coal-pit (which I should not advise you to do, since there is personal danger involved), you will be struck with the rapid rate at which you are lowered down the shaft ; so rapidly, indeed, that it may perchance make you suddenly grasp more firmly the chains to which the iron tub in which you stand is suspended, under the sensation that you are falling through space. You will, also, after descending, probably, one thousand feet, think it a strange sight, as you approach the bottom, to behold an immense fire blazing, and the eyes of one or two human beings, with blackened visages, glaring up, ready to unhook the tub (which is to be filled with coal) as you jump out of it ; whilst, handing you a candle, one of the overmen, with whom you may probably have descended, accompanies you in your exploration of the "subterranean palace." And tedious you will find your journey, heated by your flannel dress and nightcap, since you will have to thread the workings most likely in a stooping posture, whilst water drips on you from the roof, and there is little else than darkness before and behind you, although the candle you carry may shed a sufficient light to enable you, as you proceed, to observe on either side of you the evidences of nature's bounty to man, developed in the

seam of coal, probably five feet or more in thickness, bright as a guinea, and often unbroken by the slightest band; while its lustre strikingly contrasts with the firm, though otherwise dull and worthless, aspect of the stony roof which overtops it.

At some parts of the mine, where all the coal excepting the pillars has been hewn away, you will observe the roof sustained by props, and at others you will see persons hewing it out with picks—their swarthy unearthlike appearance, coupled with your encountering



them in such a place, giving you strongly the idea of being in some other and Tartarean world. Yet do human hearts beat within the bosoms of these men, and possibly you may sit awhile with them in social gossip, and have invitation to hew a piece of coal, which you may find to be no easy task, if the seam happen to be of a hard description.

Or, anon, in lieu of this occupation, you may pause in some stirless part of the mine, to contemplate the silence that is around you,

broken only at intervals by the hollow rumbling sound of the trains travelling through the workings—or the more ominous whisper to your curious, if not startled ear, of that ceaseless stealing noise which hints the presence of the deadly gas, as it oozes through the pores of the coal.

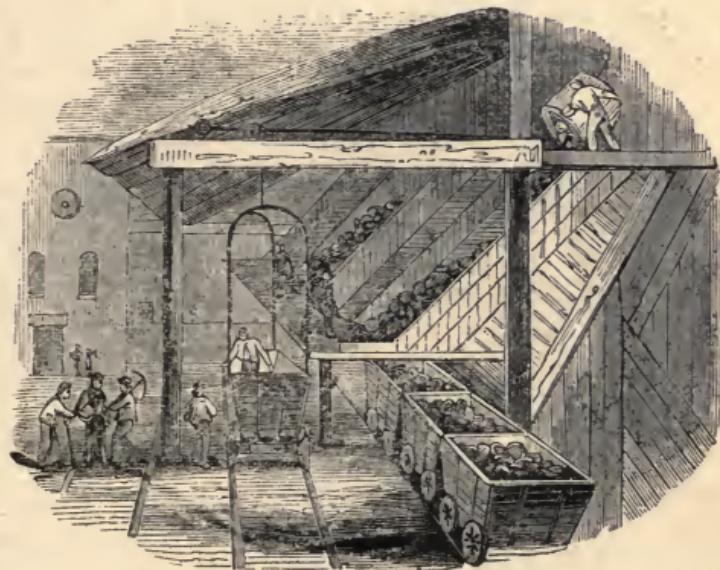
Or, again, your guide may tell you to place your candle to some trifling pool at your feet, when, as that which you deemed to be entirely water burns like spirit, he rejoins, “That’s the stuff”—referring to the presence of the fire-damp, which consumes harmlessly beneath you, only because it is diluted. Terrific have been the effects of some colliery accidents, resulting from the combustion of this gas.

In May, 1812, the Felling Pit, near Gateshead, in Durham fired, and destroyed one hundred and twenty-nine human beings. These accidents, however, have been supposed usually to have been occasioned by carelessness, or thoughtless temerity. To such latter cause may the awful explosion in Wallsend Colliery, in the year 1835, be ascribed, when upwards of one hundred persons were killed, and which was thought to have arisen from a boy having gone or strayed with a naked light into what is called “the waste,” beyond the workings, when the fire-damp exploded the same as gunpowder. This “waste” is a part of the mine which has been worked out or laid off as being in an impure state, and unfit to be approached with a light, unless it be inclosed in a Davy Lamp.

I should also tell you, that explosions have often occurred from the unthinkingness of the miners in uncovering these lamps, that they may obtain a clearer light, when working in parts of the mine

which are only permitted to be wrought, from their previously ascertained foulness, under the security ensured by the safety-lamp.

Accidents, too, as I have already hinted, occur from the mine being made explosive through the heedlessness of the workmen in another respect—namely, omitting attention to the trap or draught.

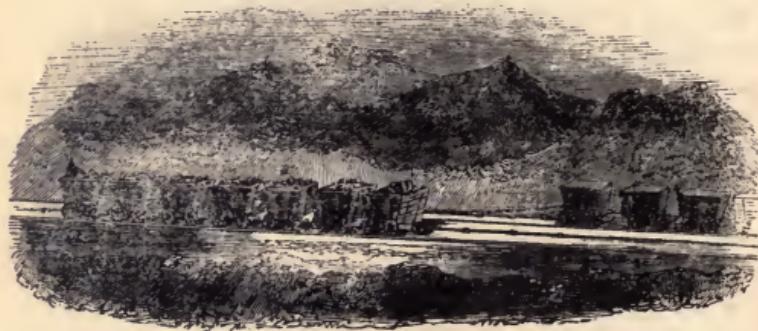


SCREENING COALS.

doors, and to the keeping up of the fire at the foot of the foul air shaft, and thereby preventing the fresh air which comes down the descending shaft from being properly circulated through the mine.

Disasters also occur in coal-pits from water collecting and breaking in from old workings, or rushing down from upper and cavernous

parts of the stratification, or penetrating through fissures, and drowning the people. One of such calamities some time ago happened at Whitehaven, by the sea entering; for I must tell you that in some parts of England coal-pits extend even under the bed of the ocean. A coal-pit near Wakefield was also inundated by a sudden gush of water, in the month of June, 1809, when ten persons lost their lives. And a still more appalling disaster took place at Heaton Main Pit,



near Newcastle, in the year 1815, from the flooding of the mine, when seventy-five men and boys, together with thirty-seven horses, perished (as was nine months afterwards ascertained) from starvation, they having been inclosed in a cavity which the water did not penetrate.

Water, indeed, is a dangerous enemy to the miner, and in some pits is so abundant, that eighteen times more of its weight than of coal is drawn to the surface. Of course such pits can only be kept free from wet by the labour of the steam-engine. It has been, in-

deed, the steam-engine which has wrought such mighty changes in coal-mining, by enabling pits to be sunk to and worked at great depths, from its superior capabilities of pumping off the water and drawing up the coal.

You will be astonished, indeed, if you visit a colliery (which you may do without descending the shaft) to see the quantity of work that is done by its steam-engines—some pumping up water out of the mines into adjacent reservoirs, and others lowering down or conveying up the workmen, or drawing up coal, by the aid of ropes, which coil and uncoil upon drum wheels. The deepest pit or coal-shaft (reckoning from the sea's level) which has ever been sunk in the earth, is that at Monkwearmouth, in the county of Durham, it being 1600 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile in depth.



## STORY OF A FOREST.

## CHAPTER II.

“ I do not like their running away from us so, though,” said Edwin.

“ It was not kind, was it ? ”

“ Never mind,” said Alfred, “ your clothes will soon be dry, and we shall soon find something to amuse us. I know a pretty place where I made a bower last year; and, do you know, that I used to go and sit in it all alone by myself, and read. At last I got so used to it, that I went almost every day. And what do you think ? ”

“ I don’t know. What is it ? ”

“ Why,” there was a little bird that used to keep me company. He had got a nest in a bush close by. It was a blackbird. And it used to hop, hop, hop, first from one twig to another, till it got quite close to me. So I always used to save him a piece of my dinner, and he would come and be fed.”

“ What, did he eat it out of your hand ? ”

“ No, I never made him tame enough for that; but one day when I went without anything to give him, he seemed quite disappointed, and hopped and chirped about, as if he would say, ‘ You have for-

gotten me.' And when I went homewards, after I had got all the way as far as Ditchey Mead—you know where that is—there was my little blackbird flying from tree to tree after me."

" What did you do ? "

" Oh, I ran home as fast as I could, and got a piece of bread ; but when I went back to my bower he was gone. But I laid down the bread in the hedge, where I knew he would come, and the next day the bread was gone. Shall we go and try if we can see him this year ? "

" Yes ; oh yes, I should like that. Make haste and dry, Mr. Jacket," said the boy.

" Here are your stockings, they are quite dry—put them on."

It being a very warm day, little Edwin's clothes were soon dry ; so he put them on, and both the boys started for the place which he called Rugged Moss Bower.

The morning still shone as brightly as ever ; and the lark sang above their heads, as they passed along so merrily, that it made them more than joyful. Away they trudged ; sometimes one had his arm over the other's shoulder, and at other times they ran and skipped along separately. They were much happier than they would have been playing soldiers.

After they had passed over several fields they came to one of those green lanes so common in country places : it was overhung by tall trees, which seemed to kiss each other in their topmost branches, while their gnarled roots twined through the bank on either side in the rudest contortions.

" Here are some lords and ladies \*," said Alfred ; " and look at

\* Arum.

the violets and primroses. Shall we gather them now, or stop till we come back?"

" Oh, we had better wait till we are going home, because then they will be fresh, you know. But look, look at that squirrel running up the tree—look at it—there it goes. How I should like to have a squirrel; I would keep him in a cage, and feed him with nuts, and give him milk to drink."

" Aye," but he would not like that so well as jumping about among the trees," said Alfred, " and being quite at liberty. I once kept a bird for a few days, but let it go again, it seemed to be so very unhappy; and yet I gave it every thing I could think of."

Just as Alfred spoke this they met two boys coming down the lane with a basket. They were wild-looking fellows, and had several short thick sticks under their arms, the use of which one of the little travellers was unable to divine.

" Mind, Mike," said one of these to the other, " you will let him out if you don't keep the lid covered.. Hold fast, while I put this twig round it. There, that will do; now come along."

" I wonder what they have got there?" said Edwin.

" Oh, I know," said Alfred, " it is a squirrel, and those thick sticks are what they knocked him down with. Is not that a squirrel in the basket?" inquired he of the two boys.

" Yes it is: do you want to buy one?" said Mike. " Here, you can see it through this hole, if you put your eye down to the basket."

" I'll buy it," said Edwin; " I have got sixpence."

" Sixpence won't do," said the boy.

" Well, I have got another, and will go halves," said Alfred.

So, after a little more haggling—for the two boys wanted more money—the little squirrel was handed over to them, and lodged securely in Edwin's hat, who placed his handkerchief over the top of it.

"Now we have got him, come along. Come along, Alfred," said Edwin.

"Yes, let us make haste into the wood, and then we can let him go."

"Let him go!" said Edwin, quite confounded. "What, after we have bought and paid for him!"

"That's just what I bought him for. Do you think I should like to keep a squirrel just for the sake of looking at and feeding him?"

"Well, you are a strange fellow."

"Why did you run into the water after the lamb this morning?"

"Oh, that was quite a different thing."

"Not so very different. You wished to save the poor lamb from the dog, and I wished to save the squirrel from those bad lads, who wanted to put it in a prison."

"A prison!"

"A cage is a prison. Aye, I see how it is; you have not got such a good mother as I have. You are, as my mother once said, good from impulse, and not from principle."

"I do not understand you at all," said Edwin; "you talk so funny—impulse and principle—I do not understand it at all."

"Then I must tell you just what my mother told me. She said one day—'Impulse is when you do a thing without thinking; and principle is when you do a thing because you think it is right.' There, can you understand that?"

“ Yes, I think I do a little.”

“ Very well. Now look here. I think it is wrong to hurt anything. I like to do as I would be done by: that makes me happy.”

“ Well, but that is quite different in squirrels.”

“ Not in the least. If I was a squirrel I should like to have the trees to live in, and to frisk about among the nuts, and leap from bough to bough, and lay up nuts for the winter, and all that. But I should not like to be put in a cage, and suffered to do nothing all my life but to jump backwards and forwards, up and down, to and fro—would you ?”

“ Well, I don’t think I should much ; but—”

“ It is of no use butting; we must let the squirrel go as soon as we get into the woods.”

“ Why, then, we have just paid sixpence apiece for nothing.”

“ Have we, though ? Why, if you were to live to be an old man, and were to think of the time that you let this squirrel go, you would be glad you did so. That is a cheap sixpennyworth, is it not ?”

“ An old man. Well, but I do not think there can be much harm in keeping a squirrel; for I should be very fond of him, and feed him well: he should have a nice warm bed to lie upon, and a little hole to creep into at night. Oh, I would be so kind to him ! you cannot think how kind I would be.”

“ Aye, that is just what I said to my mother about the lark that I wanted to keep. I dare say you would be very kind ; but don’t you see that with all your kindness you would make a prisoner of the squirrel, only because you would like to say, ‘ This is my squirrel,’ and like to look at him now and then. You would have no real love for the squirrel ; it would only be that you loved yourself, and liked

to please yourself. So, you see, your kindness ought to go for nothing. I remember this is just what my mother said to me about the lark."

" Well, I think I do begin to see what you say to be right; so come along, let us make haste to the woods, and then we will let the squirrel go."

After this the little fellows trudged on at a more rapid pace, and very soon entered the wood. When they got to a convenient place—that is, among the nut-trees, they began to think of the squirrel. " Do you know," said Alfred, " I think it was somewhere here that the poor little fellow was knocked down; for you see here are a great many pieces of dried branches tipt off, and you see the bark of the trees is chipped in several places. Shall we let him out?"

" Oh yes," said Edwin, and began to untie the handkerchief; but before he could do this, the squirrel put his little head between the folds of it, and gave Edwin such a nip on the fore-finger, as made him let go the hat and roar with pain, while the blood gushed freely.

" There he goes—there he goes!" said Alfred. " My goodness how he does scamper! Look at him—from tree to tree! Now I have lost him. There he is again—now on the ash tree! Ah! he seems to laugh at us now."

Edwin heard nothing of this, but kept crying bitterly, for his finger was nearly bitten in two. " Depend upon it," said he, " I will never buy another squirrel to let loose. If I had known he would have bit me so, those fellows might have kept him: I would not have bought him to set him loose, I know."

" You *did not*," said Alfred; " you bought him to make a prisoner

of him. Don't you recollect? Besides, do you suppose that in everything you do that is right you will be benefited by it; or that doing right will not sometimes produce evil consequences? Why, my mother tells me that by doing right I may perhaps suffer a great deal during my life."

" Well, then, your mother is very different to mine; for she told me the other day, that if I was a good boy nothing would ever hurt me; that I should always prosper, and be a gentleman, and perhaps ride in my carriage. She said I might be Lord Mayor of London, for what she knew."

" Then you will do what is right only because you hope to gain something by it?"

" And what do you do right for?" said Edwin.

" Because I love God," said Edwin, " and wish to do what I think will please him. But I do not wish to preach you a sermon; but, if you will come to my mother she will tell you all about it."

So saying, the little fellow, who had all along been preaching a sermon without knowing it, led the way towards the bower.



## THE RAINBOW.

You have no doubt often gazed with admiration on that beautiful meteor, the rainbow, when its glorious arch has spanned the sky ; and this spectacle is created by the sun's rays playing upon vapour, or by their falling upon watery particles that happen to be suspended in the atmosphere in the form of cloud, spray, or rain.

But you probably imagine, that because a beam of light ordinarily appears white or colourless, it must remain so under all circumstances. This, however, is not the case ; since the white beam or ray of light, when decomposed or bent by its coming in contact with drops of rain or other modifying bodies, is found to be compounded of seven different coloured rays—namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet ; and these are what you see exhibited in the phenomenon of the rainbow, or what may be “ artificially represented by causing water to fall in small drops like rain, through which the sun shining, shows a bow to the beholder standing between the sun and the drops ; ” or what are equally shown when light is decomposed by its being submitted to a triangular piece of glass called a prism— or to a glass filled with water, when reflected colours may be received upon white paper.

Of course you will know that when you behold a rainbow you stand between it and the sun; that is, you have the shower of rain or vapour in front of you, and the sun at the back of you: because you must not suppose that these rays of light reach your eye by a direct course from the sun, except as may regard some simple refraction in their passage through the drops of water; since they reach your eye by a far otherwise and an inverted course. These coloured or decomposed rays, in fact, may be said to be the rebound to your eye of the sun's white or composed rays, after they have struck, as it were, against the globules of rain, and there suffered decomposition. I say "rebound," because, as far as has relation to your own eye, the colours do indeed rebound to it: for, just as in their slanting descending course from the sun, the white rays of light enter *obliquely* (for you will recollect that no refraction of light can take place where the sun's rays fall *vertically* on globules of air or vapour) the top surfaces of drops of rain, and are refracted to the surfaces of their farther sides, they are correspondingly reflected from thence to the bottom surfaces of the drops, whence they emerge to suffer a second refraction, and travel (having now become coloured rays) to the eye, still by a slanting descending course, though precisely in a reversed direction to that by which they travelled from the sun to the drops.

Thus, you see, the rainbow is created by decomposed rays of the sun's light reflected to the eye (placed at the proper angle) from a mass of globules of water that are held in suspension in the atmosphere, "the bow consisting of a series of colours overlaying each other, each colour comprising a vast number of rays, which are the result of the successive refraction, reflection, and refraction of the white rays of light, the drops of rain acting as prisms;" that is, the

rays of the sun come to your eye as a spectator, after having been refracted on entering the surface of the drop, reflected from the concave hollow of its interior, and again refracted on emerging from or quitting it. And of course you will know that the occasion of such refractions arises, in the first instance, from the rays of light passing from a rarer into a denser medium—that is, from the thinner fluid of air into the thicker fluid of water—when they are broken or bent *towards* the perpendicular (as you see an oar is in the water), and, in the second instance, from the rays of light passing from a denser into a rarer medium (that is, from water into air), when they are broken or bent *from* the perpendicular. Some rainbows, however, are formed by two reflections and two refractions, but they are less vivid than those which are constituted as I have just described.

From the relative position of the spectator and the sun, and from the convex figure of the earth, the natural rainbow can never be seen larger than a semicircle; though in "Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe," is described their having seen at the Waterfall of Rinkenfos, as the rays of the sun shone upon the falling water and spray, "a perfect double rainbow, approaching nearly to a circle," which was "cast obliquely on the dark back-ground." But perhaps the most remarkable rainbow is that described to be in course of perpetual repetition at the famous Falls of Niagara. "Every day," says a traveller, "when the sun shines, from ten o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, may be seen below the fall the similitude of a beautiful rainbow, and sometimes two, one within another. The brightness and clearness of the phenomenon depends on the quantity of vapour that results from the spray of the cataract; for,

when the wind drives the vapours away the rainbow disappears ; but as soon as new vapours come it resumes its former appearance."

Besides solar rainbows, there are also what are called lunar rainbows ; for the moon, when at full, will sometimes in the night-time occasion this spectacle, though the colours will be comparatively weak and indistinct, because reflected light is not easily refracted into colour. There are also what are called marine rainbows, engendered by an agitated sea, when the wind sweeping part of the tops of the waves, carries them aloft, so that the sun's rays falling upon them are refracted.



## A TALE OF PALESTINE.



My young friends have often heard of the Holy Land, and of the wonderful events which have taken place on this sacred spot. They have, no doubt, heard of the Crusades, and how armies of fanatics were gathered together from all parts of Europe, to make war against the Turks, for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.

The First Crusade, as it was called, was preached by Peter the Hermit, who gathered around him large numbers of people, and

animadverted in glowing language on the sufferings the Christians had to endure in their pilgrimages to the Sepulchre of Christ, and endeavoured to rouse them to undertake its capture. He continued his preaching throughout Christendom, and thousands at last obeyed his summons. Christian princes embarked in what they called the Holy Cause, and at last regularly constituted armies were appointed. Several of the principal cities of the east fell into the hands of the Christians, and among the rest Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, at the time of the Crusades, comprised the hills of Golgotha, Bezetha, Acra, and Moriah—Mount Zion being at this time without the circuit of the walls. On three sides the place was defended by deep valleys. The Valley of Jehoshaphat on the east, that of Ennom on the south, and a lateral branch of the same valley on the west. On the north the approach was open. A narrow valley also divided the city into two parts.

The garrison of the city consisted of about forty thousand regularly appointed troops, commanded by Istakar, a favourite general of the Caliph: it contained also a vast number of Moslem peasantry, who had taken refuge in the city; which, with the armed inhabitants, could not be less than twenty thousand. There were besides numerous Christian tributaries, which, on the approach of the invaders, were despoiled; the young and vigorous being banished from the city, and the old men, women, and children retained. Istakar had also filled up all the wells in the vicinity of the city; and, as the streams had been dried up by the sun, such was the drought in the Christian camp that a drop of liquid was not to be procured for a piece of gold; and although water was discovered among the mountains, at a considerable distance from the city, the Mussulman forces,

who infested the whole of the surrounding country, cut off any small bodies that strayed from the Christian camp.

The camp of the Crusaders, as at first marked out, extended from the north-eastern angle to the most western gate of the city: Godfrey himself, with his troops, ending the line towards the east, and the Count of St. Giles towards the west. Godfrey, however, soon



JERUSALEM.

removed with a part of his troops to the rise of Mount Zion, to avoid the interposition of the deep valley which obstructed his former position, and to gain a reputation for piety, by encamping opposite that part of the mount where it was supposed the Saviour of the world had eaten his last supper with his disciples.

Some dissensions, as usual, had occurred between the chieftains of the Crusaders when they first sat down before the sacred city ; but the clergy interposed, and represented how unfit were men at war with each other to fight for the Prince of Peace. The princes and soldiery were addressed by Peter the Hermit, who had again joined the Croises, and the hearts of his hearers were melted. Tancred offered to be reconciled to his enemy, the Count of Toulouse, and embraced him in the face of the whole army.

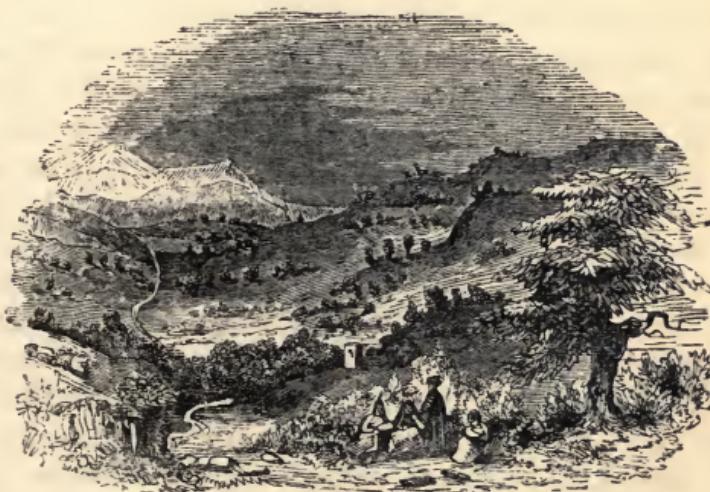
The enthusiasm of the troops continued. Various acts of devotion and penance were performed. Some stole away at night, and, amid the dangers of deserts, and in dread of the hovering Saracens, performed short pilgrimages to those celebrated spots hallowed by the Redeemer's presence.

A day was appointed also for a solemn procession round the walls ; and the whole army went forth, headed by bishops and priests bearing sacred relics and the holy banner, attended by martial music, and singing psalms and hymns. In the midst, another division of priests bore the sacred elements of salvation, barefoot, and the warriors followed, repeating aloud, " God wills it. God wills it." On Mount Olivet and Mount Zion they prayed for the aid of Heaven in their approaching conflict.

The Saracens mocked these expressions of religious feeling, by raising and throwing dirt and filth upon the sacred emblems ; but these insults had only the effect of producing louder shouts of sacred joy from the Christians.

Various warlike machines of great power and immense bulk had been constructed opposite those points of the fortifications which the leaders intended to attack. But, not long before the attack took

place Godfrey, who observed the depth of the valley, the height of the walls, and the strong defences made by the Saracens, suddenly formed the determination of moving his immense towers and engines, as well as his camp itself, to a spot between the gate of St. Stephen and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, nearly a mile from its former position; and in the course of a night the whole of his immense ma-



VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

chines, towers, and preparations, were removed piece by piece, and reconstructed opposite the walls at a point the Saracens had but slightly defended.

When day dawned, on the following morning, the Christians and Saracens were both astonished to find the camp of Godfrey pitched opposite the weakest point of the city. Some time was still occupied

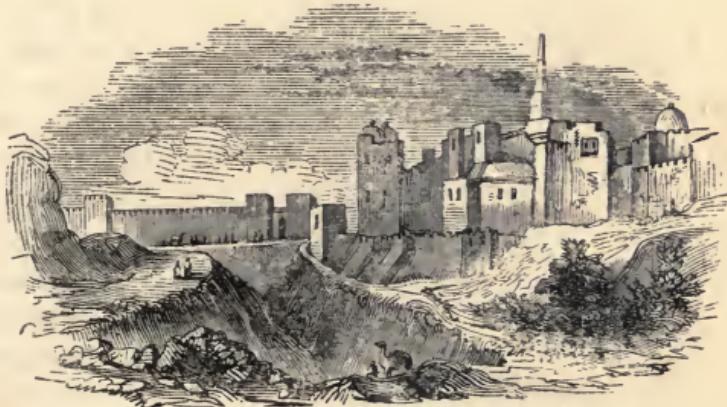
in filling up a part of the ditch, so as to enable the machines to be brought close to the walls; and in this the aid of the Genoese seamen were most efficacious; and all were further stimulated to exertion by the donation of a piece of money to every one who cast three stones into the hollow. At length all was completed; and on the morning of Thursday, the 14th of July, 1099, the attack commenced.

The soldiers of the Crusaders took their places in the huge wooden towers, which had been raised opposite the walls to such a height as to overtop them. The catapults were pushed forward to batter the defences, and the sow was dragged along to sap the foundations, while the mangonely and balista were brought as near as possible, to cast masses of stone and darts with the greatest possible effect.

As soon as the Saracens beheld the Christian army in motion, showers of arrows and javelins were poured forth from the battlements; and when the towers and the instruments for the sap came nearer, immense pieces of rock, beams of wood, balls of flame, and torrents of Greek fire, were cast down upon the heads of the Crusaders. Still, however, they rushed on, undaunted and unchecked—the knights of the highest reputation occupying the upper stories of the towers, while Godfrey himself was seen with a bow, and, exposed to all the shafts of the enemy, sending death around him with an unerring hand.

The conflict raged throughout the day; and strong as was the courage and religious zeal of the Christians, yet the triumph lay with the besieged. The great tower of the Count of Thoulouse was much injured; hundreds of men were slain; and on the approach of darkness the Crusaders drew off, and the city was not yet taken.

The night was spent both by the besiegers and the besieged in alarms. Both parties were intent on repairing their injured defences or military engines. The walls of the city had many breaches in them, and the camp was open to attack in many points. But the spirit of action was not relaxed ; and when the morning arose all was industry and bustle. Every Christian seemed animated with fresh vigour. The towers were again manned with courageous knights ;



WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

some mounted the summit and second stories, while others were at the bottom impelling the immense masses : the battering rams, too, were again in motion.

The besieged had repaired their fortifications, and got ready their fire, their boiling oil, molten lead, and all the dreadful stores of barbaric war. The strife of the preceding day seemed to have added

fierceness to their valour, and their defence was conducted with all the madness of despair. The Crusaders were beaten back, some of the towers overthrown, and the soldiers below writhing and quivering in torture from the missiles of fire, lead, and oil poured upon them, and the huge masses of stone thrown from the walls. About the hour of noon the cause of the Crusaders seemed lost, and the most courageous thought that Heaven had deserted his people.

But at the moment when victory seemed to be denied to the soldiers of Christ, and despair was beginning to take hold of them, a knight was seen upon Mount Olivet, in radiant armour, waving his glittering shield, which glowed with the sign of the cross, and pointing with his sword towards the holy city. A cry spread through the army that St. George had come from heaven to their assistance ; and all eyes beheld the figure on whom this designation was bestowed. The languishing spirit of enthusiasm was revived, and the Crusaders returned to the battle with pristine animation—the weary and the wounded mingling with the vigorous and active. The princes, at the head of the columns of the army, led the way, and their example awoke the most timid to gallant and noble daring. Nor were the women to be restrained from mingling in the fight ; they were everywhere to be seen bringing up missiles, assisting the wounded, and bearing to the soldiers supplies of water—exciting them by their words, and cheering them onwards.

The walls seemed to feel the impetuosity of this new attack on all points at the same moment. The Gate of St. Stephen shook under the blows of Tancred, Robert of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders. An immense gabion of straw and cotton, which had been let down to protect the wall from the blows of a battering-ram placed

near Godfrey of Bouillon, was set on fire and destroyed. The flames, which for a moment were very violent, drove the defenders from that part of the battlements. The moveable tower of the duke was suddenly pushed forward close to the wall ; and one side of the highest stage being as usual constructed to let down and form a sort of bridge, was suffered to descend, and rested on the inner wall.



BETHLEHEM.

Changing the duties of a general for those of the soldier, the Duke of Lorraine fought with the bow. Near him were Eustace and Baldwin, like two lions beside another lion ; and at the hour when the Saviour of the world had been crucified, a soldier named Letold, of

Tournay, leaped upon the ramparts, his brother, Englebert, followed, and Godfrey was the third Christian who stood as a conqueror on the walls of Jerusalem.

The standard of the Cross was now seen floating upon the walls of the holy city; and with loud shouts the whole crusading army pressed forward to assail the defences at all points with furious energy. In an instant after the gate of St. Stephen gave way, and Tancred and the two Roberts rushed in, followed by the troops of Normandy, Flanders, and Otranto. By this time a breach had been made in another part of the wall, and there, too, the German soldiers were entering in crowds, while numbers of the most resolute and gallant soldiers in the army poured down from the tower to support Godfrey and his companions in possession of the walls; at the same time the Count of Toulouse entered the city by escalade.

The Mussulmans fought with desperation, and met the besiegers hand to hand at every point. They then retreated slowly to their temples, and here fought to the very last. The Christian soldiers thought of nothing but revenge against the enemies of Christ, and of acting as God's instruments of retribution on those who had committed sacrilege upon the "elements of salvation," and cast filth upon the body and blood of Christ. They drove them through the streets, they followed them into their houses, they slaughtered them in their temples; and such was the carnage in the Mosque of Omar, that the mutilated carcases were hurried by torrents of blood into the court. Ten thousand people were slaughtered in this sanctuary.

No place of refuge remained to the vanquished: all were slain that could be found; some with the sword, and some were hurled from the tops of churches, or cast headlong from the walls of the citadel

The Duke of Lorraine, upon entering the city, after the first fury of the assault had passed by, put the helpless Saracens to the sword, in revenge for the Christian blood that had been spilt by the infidels, and as a punishment for the outrages offered to the pilgrims. But after having, as he supposed, avenged the cause of Heaven, Godfrey did not neglect his other religious duties : he threw aside his armour,



NAZARETH.

clothed himself in a linen mantle, and with bare head and naked feet went to the Church of the Sepulchre. His piety, unchristian as it may appear in these enlightened days, was the piety of all the soldiers ; they laid aside their armour, and put on habits of penitence. In the spirit of humility, with contrite hearts, with tears and groans, they walked over those places which the Saviour had consecrated by

his presence. The whole Christian army was inflamed by one spirit. The fury of the sword was assuaged, and the captive population were spared.

Jerusalem was now the scene of wonders, according to the traditions of the times. The ghost of the departed Adhemar came and rejoiced, the bodies of the saints arose, and the spirits of many who had fallen on the road from Europe to Jerusalem, appeared, and shared the felicity of their friends. Thus Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, the Holy Sepulchre was redeemed, and the blood of the Moslems atoned for its profanation.

On the eighth day after the capture of Jerusalem, the chieftains and princes of the Crusaders assembled for the election of a king; and, by the common decree of all, Godfrey of Bouillon was elected to this high honour. Fulcher of Chartres, who was present, observes that "he showed himself so superior and excellent in royal majesty, that if it had been possible to bring all the kings of the earth around him, he would have been judged by all the first in chivalrous qualities, in beauty of face and body, and in noble regularity of life."

The princes conducted him in religious and stately order to the church which covered the tomb of Christ; but he refused to wear a diadem in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns, and that he was contented with the title of Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.

The reign of Godfrey continued not quite a year. He was seized with illness after several harassing skirmishes with the Turks, over whom he always proved victor. He seems to have died full of religious faith and peace. His tomb was not only watered by the tears of his friends, but by the lamentations of many of the Mussulmans,

whose affections his virtues had conciliated. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre received his ashes, and it was decreed that that place should be the repository of the kings his successors.



## STORY OF THE JUNGLE.

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A JUNGLE is a vast accumulation of trees, bushes, tall grass, reeds, and rushes—sometimes dry, often swampy, and at all times the resort of wild beasts. Such places are common to India, and many terrible occurrences take place in them at times.

It is by no means an uncommon circumstance for a party of friends to betake themselves to the woods and jungles of India, for the sake of novelty, or for the love of sport. I have heard my grandfather tell a story of what occurred to him many years ago, and which Peter Parley will relate to you.

My grandfather and a party of young officers agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents beneath the spreading branches of a high banian tree. Peacocks glittered in the sun from the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet: farther off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of the evening repast prepared by the driver, and taking under



his especial protection the pets of his master—a small dog, a handsome bird, decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs.

Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing ; fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying were going on in the open air.

Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—preparation for an evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night ; they were lighted with lamps, and the walls hung with chintz or tiger skins. Carpets were spread upon the ground ; and sofas, surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects), became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar-spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers of native workmanship were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers ; so that it was necessary to be reminded by some savage object that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons, the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger ; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in the front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other or amused themselves with looking about them.

While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger of the largest size sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party, and bore him away into the wood in a moment.

A loud cry of consternation and terror broke from the company; but the tiger made his way in triumph. Torches were now hastily lighted, weapons snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest in pursuit of the ferocious animal.

The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind was great. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a horrible death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating with the utmost coolness upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt.

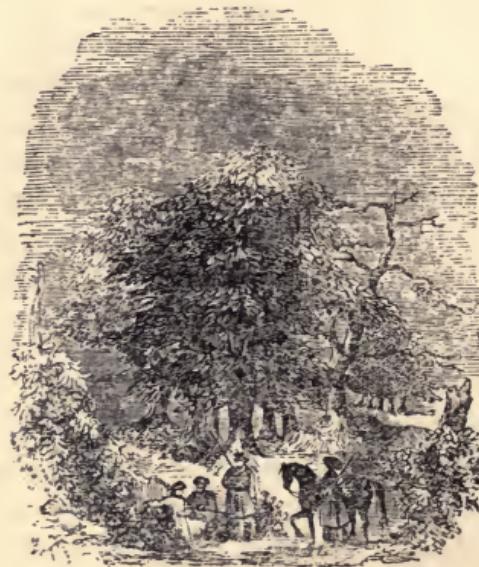
The officer wore a brace of pistols in his belt; and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of his heart; then drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to it and fired.

But the tiger fell not. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim; and a tighter gripe and accelerated trot alone announced the wound he had received. But, quick with the other pistol, the officer again fired—the monster's jaws instantly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead above his burden.

The poor officer was, however, dreadfully hurt, and much weakened by the loss of blood. After a short time his friends came to the spot, bound up his wounds, and carried him to a place of safety; and great was their joy to find, after a few days, that he was in a fair way of recovery.

Incidents similar to the foregoing narrative are by no means rare in India. On another occasion a tiger had seized a young officer, and having dragged him into the jungle, stood growling, ready to devour his victim. But the poor young fellow had courage and coolness enough left to direct those in pursuit where to fire, so as to kill the animal without injuring himself. At another time a tiger attempted to carry off a man, and a personal encounter ensued, which ended in a victory over the tiger.

I could tell you many other tales about tigers, but for the present I have said enough; and would only advise my young friends to read my Tales about Animals.



## WILLIAM AND HIS MOTHER.

## A DIALOGUE.

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WILLIAM.

“ SAY, mother, was not God unkind  
To take dear James away?  
I wish that he was here again,  
With me to skip and play.

“ I am not half so happy now,  
Since brother James is gone:  
There is no one to play with me,  
But I am all alone.

“ When he was here I had some one  
To share in all my joys.  
Oh! if he will come back again,  
I'll give him all my toys.

“ I do not like here all alone  
 At ball or hoop to play,  
 When there is none to talk to me,  
 And answer what I say.

“ Nor do I like upon the green  
 Alone my kite to fly:  
 James, how he used to hold the string,  
 And make it go so high.

“ And then he was my horse, you know,  
 When playing on the hill;  
 And when I used to call out ‘ Whoa,’  
 Would stop, and stand so still.

“ I wish he would come back again,  
 And sing his pretty song;  
 I’m sure the days when he was here  
 Were never half so long.

‘ You say it will not bring him back,  
 For me to sit and cry;  
 But, mother, was not God unkind,  
 To make my brother die? ”

#### MOTHER.

“ My child, the righteous God who dwells  
 High in the heavens above,  
 Is never cruel or unkind;  
 His deeds are deeds of love.

“ Whate'er he does is kindly done,  
And order'd for the best.

We must confide in what we see,  
And trust him for the rest.

“ I cannot tell why God thought best  
Your brother James should die;  
And it is wrong, when God afflicts  
To ask the reason why.

“ Perhaps there was in store for him  
Many a suffering day,  
And dreary night of restlessness,  
To wear his life away.

“ We could not see, but God could see  
Earth's many weary cares;  
And so he took him from a world  
Beset with tempting snares.

“ During the few short years of life,  
He was a happy child;  
Because he was so kind and good,  
So gentle and so mild.

“ But, had he lived, he might have gone  
From virtue's paths astray;  
And in the thorny road of vice  
Have wander'd far away.

“ And so God took him, while as yet  
He scarce knew sin or pain.  
I trust, in yonder realms of peace,  
With him in bliss to reign.

“ He never can come back, my child,  
’Tis wrong to wish he could;  
But you will one day go to him,  
If you are kind and good.”



## STORY OF A FOREST.



## CHAPTER III.

You will wonder what became of the soldiers—the army of little heroes, with their drums, trumpets, flags, and guns. I will tell you.

They marched and countermarched for some time. After leaving the meadow in which they had mustered their forces, they marched first to a heath which lay close by. "Now, then," said Rushton, as

they entered upon this more extended spot—"Now, then, my boys, we shall have elbow-room; this is the place for a battle. We will have a sham fight."

I dare say you know what a heath is: this was of considerable extent. In one direction it stretched as far as the eye could reach, and in another it was skirted by a thick and bristly wood, which seemed to frown on it, and looked quite awful. The whole of the heath in every direction was covered with furze or whin—short stumpy bushes with prickles for leaves, showing a yellow blossom. In several of the hollows and moister places patches of fern might be distinguished.

The boys marched between the furze bushes in good order, and seemed quite delighted with the wide and open space around them. Whether they were tired of marching, or eager for something else, I do not know; but Rushton found it very difficult to keep his troops together, and bawled himself hoarse in the endeavour to do so.

There were a great number of rabbit-holes on the heath, which seemed to excite the attention of the regiment very much; and several of the boys left their ranks to examine these burrows, and wished more for a rabbit hunt than any more soldier-playing.

Rushton had, however, with considerable difficulty got his little army together, and was haranguing them in the following manner:—"Hold heads up, I say. Dashwood, why don't you stand still? Now, then, you with the bean-sticks, stand forward—march. You with the swords, to the right—march. Now, who told you to march? You have got a regular gun: you shan't play at all," said he. "Stand out. If you don't do as I tell you—you shan't; and I told you so before."

The little tyrant general had, as he supposed, at last succeeded in making his band obey him, and had got them in something like a straight line, when Dashwood, who was thinking more of the rabbits than anything else, said to the boy who stood next to him, whose name was Wilmot, "I say, Wilmot, do you see that white thing bobbing among the bushes? Look!"

"It's a rabbit. There it is!—there it goes! Halloo! halloo!"

Away ran the whole of the corps—guns, bean-sticks, swords, drums, shields, and battle-axes, in one wild rush, as if indeed they had made an onset to the enemy.

Away scampered the rabbit—away dashed the boys. Bunny, however, soon showed that her agility was too much for even an army of heroes: she was lost among the bushes in a few seconds.

Rushton was left alone: his whole army had deserted him. He found all his boasted power gone in a moment; and after vainly calling to his little men, and stamping and roaring to no purpose, at last threw himself on the ground in very rage.

After some fruitless attempts to scare the rabbit from its retreat, the boys gave over the search, and seemed disposed to do anything that anybody might propose. Rushton seeing their rabbit fury over, went up to them and said, with a significant nod of his head, "Aye, Mr. Dashwood, I'll be even with you some day, you shall see if I don't."

"Will you?" said Dashwood. "I should think you knew better."

"Do I?" said the other. "I'll let you know whether I do or not, if you say much."

"Much—then," said Dashwood. "If you have a mind for any

thing you had better try it. Who are you, I should like to know? You have been having it all your own way since you came out. What business had you to push young Edwin what's-his-name down, and send him off home crying? And I'll tell something about you that I know what you did in Bigsby's wood. You are not going to do as you like with me."

"That's right, Tom," said young Smith. "If I were you I would not stand any of his nonsense."

"Nor more would I," said another.

"Nor I neither," said a third.

Rushton by this time was boiling with rage; and without saying another word made a spring at Dashwood, and struck him a blow on the eye; at the same time he gave him a push backwards, and tumbled him into one of the furze bushes.

Dashwood roared out with the extreme pain he endured, not so much from the blow in the eye as from the prickles of the bush into which he was thrown. He was pricked behind and before, on right side and left side; and in struggling to get out had scratched both hands and face, and was bleeding in several places.

"Well done, Rushton," said another of the boys, named Sparks; "I am glad you have given it him: it served him right. I played marbles with him the other day, and when he had won above forty he would not play any more, but sneaked off like a coward, as he is."

Dashwood had by this time recovered his feet; and saying, "I'll coward you, Mr. Sparks, before long," doffed his coat, while Rushton did the same; and both the combatants set to, to thump, and knock, and tear each other as much as possible.

After nearly a quarter of an hour's fighting, neither seemed to ob-

tain much advantage over the other, but both were much cut and bruised. In this deplorable state the simple lads continued to fight, but to no purpose, so far as victory was concerned, for neither would give in.

The soldier band at last grew tired of looking at the sport, and seeing it was not likely there would be a termination to it, proposed that they should fight it out another day. To this the combatants reluctantly assented; and, with their passions against each other unsubdued, put on their clothes, and prepared to separate: some of the boys being on Dashwood's side, and some taking the part of Rushton.

Dashwood's party soon after went off in the same direction in which they had come to the spot, while Rushton and his backers proposed to go home by Shackle wood.

What with the soldiering and fighting the day had passed away without being observed. The sun was now descending westward, and gave token that it would not be a great while before it would be nightfall; and they had upwards of four miles to go before they reached the town in which they resided.

They quickened their pace, however. The flags were taken from the sticks, the plumes from the helmets; shields were worn under the arm instead of on it; and the whole party looked fagged, and weary, and discontented with themselves, each other, their day's sport, and even the fight, now it was over.

"Well, I am glad you gave it to him," said Sparks, addressing Rushton; "but if you had hit him where I told you, right under the ear, you would soon have done him; or given him a good poke in the pit of the stomach, that's the place to settle 'em."

" I should think it was," said one of the party, named Hagar; " for do you know that one of the boys at old Maribus's school got killed in that way."

" And the boy that gave him the poke was sent to prison," said another of the party.

" Aye, but he was'nt hung," said Rushton. " Besides, when people fight they have a right to hit where they like. I wish I could have given him a good poke in the stomach, see if I would not have done it: it would have been fair enough."

" You should have tumbled on him when he was down," said Sparks. " Don't you remember that time when you twisted him over with your leg. That was the time for it: it is all fair. I have seen the men fighters do it. My father takes in a newspaper which tells you all about it."

" Oh, well," said Rushton, " what's the use of your telling me now? I wish you would hold your tongue, for I feel quite sick."

" Why, what's the matter? Don't be downhearted; you will be sure to beat him next time," said Sparks.

The truth was that Rushton had received a severe inward bruise; and now that his excitement was abated he began to feel great pain, and wished himself at home. He knew, however, that another beating awaited him there, and this was by no means a comfortable reflection.

The party had now reached the skirts of Shackle wood, and the sun was just setting behind it, through which it shone like a great globe of red fire. The children, depraved as they were, could not help noticing the splendid sight.

" Oh my," said Horton, " the sun makes the trees look as if they

were on fire I wonder if the sun is all fire. What a great fire it must be."

" Why, if it was fire it would burn the wood," said Sparks. " Besides I saw the sun set in the sea once, and if it had been fire it would have made it hiss, I should think."



" Do you recollect the large Bible we have got in our school, with the pictures in ?" said Horton. " Well, there is a picture in it of Moses and the burning bush, and it puts me in mind of it ; it looked just like that."

" I recollect it," said another little fellow, Wilmot, who had till now been a passive spectator and silent hearer. " And there is another picture of Moses killing the Egyptian. Two of them had a fight, the same as Rushton and Dashwood had, and Moses came and killed one of them ; and God was very angry with him for it. And it says, Moses looked this way and that way, so as no one should see him ; and yet God saw him, and was very angry."

“ There, don’t make yourself a Judy,” said Sparks ; “ we don’t want none of that, Mr. Methodist Parson.”

“ But I shall if I like ; I was not talking to you, Sparks,” said Wilmot. “ And my master told me he looked this way and that way, but never looked *up*, or else he would not have killed the Egyptian. I want to know what he meant by not looking up.”

By this time the boys had penetrated the wood to a considerable distance ; at the same time it was growing dusk. Rushton was by no means improved by the quick walking, and lagged in pace very much. At last, when they got near the centre of the wood, he felt himself so ill, that he was obliged to sit down to rest awhile on the stump of a tree. “ I can’t go any farther,” said he, “ I have such a pain in my side. Stop a bit.” So the boys made a halt.

“ I say,” said Sparks, “ I can tell you it’s getting pitch dark ; it’s of no use stopping here. Come, get up,” said he to Rushton ; “ let us go.”

The other boys betrayed also some impatience, and not a little fear.

“ I can’t go yet,” said Rushton, who groaned with excessive pain. “ Stop a little longer.”

“ Oh, you must come on. I won’t stop if you don’t.”

“ You won’t go to leave me, will you, Sparks ? ” said Rushton.

“ What’s the good of stopping here ? Besides it’s all your own fault. If you had not begun the fight there would not have been one. You can walk if you like, I know.”

“ You tell a lie,” said Rushton ; “ and if I had not got this pain I would let you know it.”

“ Well, since you are so saucy you may just stop by yourself, and

those that like may stop with you. For my part, I shall get home as soon as I can. I am not going to stop in a wood where the ghost was seen last winter."

"A ghost!" said all the other boys.

"Yes," said he, "with large eyes as big as tea-saucers, a long tail, red nose, and his eyes flaming fire; and long claws to tear you in pieces with. Old Harrup saw it first, and then three old women, and lots of people."

"Then I shan't stop," said Wilmot. "I had nothing to do with the fight, and did not like to see it."

"Come along, Wilmot," said Sparks; "don't let us stop here. Those who are going, now is their time." And the unfeeling boy began to move in the direction of home.

"Do stop; pray stop," said Rushton: "I shall be better presently —only a few minutes." And here the bruised boy endeavoured to walk, but shrieked out in great agony as soon as he attempted to move.

"Aye, it is all put on," said Sparks: "if he was very bad he couldn't make that noise. So come along. If we leave him he will soon follow us. Come along: come along."

Thus the brave soldier band withdrew from the ill-fated lad, and left him alone in the wood. By this time it was nearly dark, and at every moment grew darker and darker; for the clouds had arisen, not a star was to be seen; and the deep gloom of the woods, and the rushing of the rising wind upon the tops of the high trees, made it altogether a very fearful time.

Rushton was unable to move. Vainly he cried "Stop! stop!—pray stop! Sparks! Wilmot!" calling also on every other boy by

name. They were, however, beyond the reach of hearing; and the poor lad at last gave over through very exhaustion, and burst into tears.

Then did he feel the power of unkindness; and he could scarcely believe that those who had "done as he liked," in almost every case, should leave him in the moment of need. It stung him to the heart. "It serves me right," said he; and yet he vowed vengeance against them. Then he felt the terror of the night upon him, and shrieked for assistance; but all to no purpose—he was alone. It was dark—he thought of the ghost—got up, and tried to make his way through the bushes, but it was of no use; and he sank overpowered with his conflicting passions on the earth.



## THE PILGRIM.

*(Continued from page 18.)*



## CHAPTER III.

RALPH of Sheen having, as he supposed, snapped asunder the only bar to a rich inheritance, by the destruction of his young nephew, immediately took horse, and rode towards the north in hot haste. He there related to his household that his nephew had been carried off by the fearful distemper then raging in the metropolis, and bade

them prepare for their immediate return to the Manor of Sheen. He directed also, by letter, his scriveners to possess him of all deeds and papers connected with the estates ; and having thus secured himself, boldly returned to the manor house.

In a few days a great change took place in the residence of Ralph. The house, once only remarkable for its lonely and desolate appearance, now became celebrated all over the district for pomp and magnificence. The great hall glittered with gold and carved work, and the old chimneys blazed again with cheerful fires. A grand carousal was projected, in honour of the new heir, and all was in the bustle of preparation.

But, although Ralph had now obtained all that had been his heart's desire, and stood as sole possessor of the wealth and honours of the estate and title, he was far from happy. His tongue was feverish, his eye anxious, his hand tremulous. He often started in his wakeful moments, and was convulsed in his dreams. The deep stab which he had given his unoffending nephew was always present to him, and his cry of agony still fresh in his ears. But he endeavoured to brave all these feelings, and hoped for time to wear them from his remembrance ; and so he silenced the tugs of conscience by resorting to the gaiety of enjoyment, and courted an oblivion of painful thought in feasting and pleasure.

His first thoughts, however, so far as he could think beyond the sphere of his conscience, was to invite all his friends to the projected entertainment, and to afford such a repast as should outvie with the highest of the nobility in the surrounding district. Queen Elizabeth, then in the pride of her womanhood, was at this time residing at her favourite palace of Richmond, and consequently the nobility and

gentry of the neighbourhood were both numerous and wealthy. The great Lord Burleigh, and the still greater Lord Bacon, lived on the other side of the river. Lord Essex had lodgings in the palace ; and the whole posse of courtiers and dependants were thickly scattered up and down, at ancient houses or modern erections, for their especial accommodation, in the surrounding villages of Mortlake, Barnes, Kew, and Isleworth. The queen frequently held both huntings and hawkings in the great park, and the whole neighbourhood glittered with the rank, fashion, and gaiety of the nation.

And now Ralph opened wide his doors to all comers, as was the custom in these hospitable times ; and Ralph soon found hundreds of the principal people in the place, and out of it, quite ready to share with him his newly-acquired wealth. His invitations, which were numerous, were almost universally received, and the banquet was prepared with the utmost magnificence.

The day at last approached, and the old hall rang with the sounds of minstrelsy, and the park with the roar of cannon. Horses curvetted through the long avenues of stately oaks leding to the mansion : richly embroidered cloaks flaunted in the air, and brocaded silks and pointed lace flitted in and out among the trees ; for my young readers must understand that grand entertainments were not given then as they are now, when everybody ought to be at home, in bed, and asleep, but in the broad morning of the young day ; not among patent wax-lights, gas, and composition candles, but in the bright sun-light, and among fruits, and flowers, and blossoms. Those were the days for enjoyment, when the queen made a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding at ten ; and had her supper at six ; and not as

now, when we dine at eight in the evening, and sup at six in the morning.

The amusements of the day began by a grand archery match. The butts were set up in the small park, at the distance of three hundred yards, and the squires and yeomen presented themselves. Among the latter appeared a simple flaxen-headed youth, dressed in sober russet, who essayed his skill and prowess with others at the mark ; and so true was his aim, that the victory was declared to be his by all his compeers. The captain was about to award him the " green oak crown " and the " silver arrow," but when he reached the crowd, among whom he supposed the young hero to be, he was nowhere to be found. He searched in vain, both with " scout and bugle call," but the victor had vanished, and the games were for the present suspended.

I need not say that the youth was Ralph's nephew. He had been made acquainted with all by the pilgrim, who had entered the grounds with him in order to keep watch over the conduct of the unhappy uncle. It may seem strange that the pilgrim should have advised concealment, and not have suffered his young friend to openly declare himself, and sue in the courts of law. But in these days courts were corrupt, and daggers were always ready ; and it was nothing but the utter discomfiture and overthrow of an enemy which rendered him no longer dangerous ; therefore it was the pilgrim's determination that the cup of Ralph's iniquities should be full before a just revenge should overtake him.

The pilgrim and the youth mingled with the strange mixture of company which thronged the apartments leading to the grand banquet hall. Here was prepared a repast of the most extraordinary mag-

nificence. A raised daïs was at the upper end of the hall, covered with cloth of gold, and reserved especially for the more noble company, while, in various gradations, down to the lowest end, the draperies and dishes were of a less superb and costly character. At the farther end, in a capacious gallery, sat the musicians, half veiled by the numerous family banners, escutcheons, and shields by which it was ornamented. Rows of servants in splendid liveries were in attendance on either side, and the most delicious dishes were prepared, all waiting for the entrance of the rich host and the more select of his visitors.

At last a flourish of the musicians announced his approach. The whole assemblage doffed their bonnets; the tables rang with the acclaim of welcome; and Ralph entered the hall, having on his right hand the great Lord Bacon, Chancellor of the Queen, and Lord Howard of Effingham, her Admiral. After the acclaim of salutation, the word was given from the chief butler to "uncover;" and the whole assembly were in the act of taking their places at the banquet board, when a loud shout was heard from without, together with a flourish of trumpets sounding a royal salute. "It is the Queen—it is the Queen," uttered several voices, and many eyes were straining from the windows on the side nearest the grand entrance. Another shout announced the royal approach.

Ralph hastened to the portal; and in a few minutes Queen Elizabeth, surrounded by some of the great officers of her household and her maids of honour, entered the banquet-hall, and proceeded to the raised platform at the other end, in all the pomp of royalty. Slightly in the rear stood Ralph, his heart panting and beating joyously with the honour that had been conferred on him by the royal visitant.

Seizing a goblet, he bent on his knee in all the grace of homage, and presented it to his royal guest. The queen looked at him with a searching expression of countenance, and said, " My Lords, and you my people who are here in such company, the Queen of England wishes health and God's grace to the young lord of Sheen."

" The young lord ! " iterated several voices ; and many of the noble ladies smiled, especially as Ralph was nearly sixty years old, and looked much older, as wicked persons generally do.

" The Queen of England," continued Elizabeth, " wishes health and God's grace to the young lord of Sheen. Mine ancient host here," she observed, playfully touching his shoulder with a small golden riding-whip, " is in good health, but God's grace is far from ripe in him."

Ralph turned round in consternation and astonishment, and his knees smote each other, while his face, by its ashy paleness and quivering lip, proclaimed him a guilty being.

" Where is thy nephew ? " said the queen, turning towards him sharply and with a severe countenance ; while the whole auditory stood in breathless silence at this strange interrogatory.

Ralph, conscience stricken, fell mechanically on his knees before the queen, and held up his hands, as if in supplication for mercy.

" Thou canst not speak—guilt hath sealed thy lips. Come forth, Sir Rowland ; come, speak for thy brother."

The pilgrim—but now no longer a pilgrim—advanced, leading his son by the hand, to the front of the platform. When Ralph beheld the poor youth and his long lost brother, his eyes started, his hands clenched, and his whole form stiffened.

" Guilty man," said Elizabeth, " depart from this place for ever :

thy evil deeds have met the light of day. What ! shall it be said that within the very precincts of our palace evil shall flourish ? No. There is such a divinity attends our steps, as will not let evil do what it would ; and an all-seeing eye, which brings the darkness into light. Depart ! ”

Ralph shrunk into himself and fainted, and was immediately carried out into another apartment.

The queen continued. “ Behold, good people, the rightful lord of this place, and the rightful heir. It is not for me to speak of the crooked arts and foul deeds of the wretched man whose guests you are ; but I command you to do just homage to my kinsman and neighbour here, whom now I name Lord of Sheen. Now speak your own words,” said she, addressing the pilgrim ; and turned from the place on which she was standing towards Lord Bacon, with whom she entered into earnest conversation respecting the legal penalties to be inflicted on Ralph.

The pilgrim coming forward addressed a few words to the company, informing them briefly of his long absence, of the wickedness of his brother, and of his miraculous meeting with his son ; and begged of them to have their hearts open to feelings of compassion for the wretched.

The queen now prepared to depart ; and having ordered, on pain of her displeasure, the Lord of Sheen to do honour to the company, and in no jot to spare the entertainment, returned in the same state in which she entered—amid the loud acclaim of the company, the clang of trumpets, the rolling of drums, and the discharge of culverins.

Such is the story of Ralph of Sheen ; which my young readers

must look upon as one characteristic of the times and manners of an age now gone by. And although it is not related to them as true in its facts, yet as true to the spirit of the age as if it formed part of it. The moral to be learned from it is, that " man proposes, but God disposes ; " and with this maxim I shall end my story.



## TALES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.



## KING CHARLES I.,

## THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION

CHARLES THE FIRST is said to have been one of the most unlucky of the kings of England. In the picture you see this ill-fated monarch taking leave of his children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of

Gloucester, the night before his execution. Placing the young Duke of Gloucester on his knee, he said to him, "Ah, my child, they will kill me and your brother Charles, and then try to make a king of you." The spirited little boy cried out, "I'll be cut in ten thousand pieces first." The two children above alluded to were the only members of his family remaining in England.

Every night the king slept as usual, although the noise of workmen employed in raising the scaffold continually resounded in his ears. On the morning of the fatal day, which was the 30th of January, 1649, Charles rose earlier than usual, and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, dressed himself with more than usual care. Juxton, Bishop of London, a man of mild and steady virtues, attended him.

The block was ready ; and a vast multitude of persons surrounded the spot, which was opposite the Banqueting House in Whitehall, then an open space looking out upon the park. The king, by no means daunted by the frantic yells of some of the mob, ascended the scaffold with great dignity and composure. When he stood close to the block, and had divested himself of his upper garment, the good bishop comforted him by saying, "There is but one stage more, which, although sharp is a short one. It will, nevertheless, carry you a great way—from earth to heaven, and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten—a crown of glory."

"I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place."

He then laid down meekly upon the block, and having given the signal, by stretching out his hands, his head was at one blow severed from his body, by a man in a vizor, while another in a similar dis-

guise held it up to the spectators, and cried aloud, " This is the head of a traitor."

Immediately after this tragedy the House of Commons passed a vote, declaring the House of Peers a nuisance, useless, and dangerous.

Charles was a man of great nonchalance, but of no real firmness. He was playing at chess when he received the news of the final determination of the Scots to sell him to the Parliament. He temporised when he should have acted, and acted where he should have negotiated ; but his great want of sincerity was fatal to him.

Be assured of this, my young friends, there is nothing like steady principle, perfect faith, even with our enemies, and a determination to act uprightly under all circumstances.



L A K E S.

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LAKES are large inland bodies of water, and are singularly attractive as objects of natural scenery. Some lakes to appearance have neither water flowing into them nor out of them, hence must be fed by subterraneous springs, otherwise they would dry up, from the quantity of water which they must continually be giving off to the atmosphere. Other lakes, again, have water visibly flowing into them, though none flowing out of them—such is the Caspian Lake ; and if the superfluous water of such lakes be not carried off entirely by evaporation, it will, in part, by some hidden outlet, or by infiltration or subaqueous drainage.

Again, other lakes have a visible outlet, without any apparent affluent ; and these will be fed by subaqueous springs, which bursting out in a hollow, must fill it up before the waters can flow off in a stream. These last are generally situated high above the level of the sea, and originate large rivers—like the lake which originates the river Volga, in Russia.

But ordinarily lakes have water visibly flowing both into them and out of them. Such are the American Lakes, which receive many rivers into them, and have outlet by the River St. Lawrence.

The largest of the European lakes is Ladoga, in Russia, which is 130 miles long and 75 broad. But no part of the Old World is more remarkable for the extent of its lakes than Sweden, which are computed to cover 9200 square miles. The principal of these, Wenner, is 80 miles long and 25 broad, and whose surface lies about 150 feet above the sea called the Cattegat. There is also Lake Wetter, of about corresponding dimensions, and which is in some places so deep



that it has been sounded with 300 fathoms of line, without finding bottom.

Yet the statement that any lake is bottomless is an erroneous one. The fact may be that the sound does not reach the bottom, either for want of sufficient lead or length of line, or else it is carried away by under-currents.

In shallower parts of the Lake Wetter so clear is the water, that

it is said a farthing may be seen at the depth of twenty fathoms. "It is often disturbed," says a traveller, "by storms, and sometimes so suddenly, that the surface begins to be ruffled before the least breath of wind is perceived; so that the cause seems to proceed from the bottom of the waters; and it is no uncommon thing for boats to be tossed by a storm in one part of the lake, whilst others at a small distance enjoy a perfect calm." These agitations of the water are attributed to the action of subterraneous winds, and to whose influence also is ascribed the sudden thawing of the ice in the spring, which one minute is strong enough to bear horses and sledges, and the next is broken in pieces. "The strange noise of the waters," continues the same narrator, "which precedes this terrible eruption, warns travellers to make the best of their way; but those who happen to be at a great distance from land are immediately drowned, or float upon shoals of ice till they meet with relief; and what is still more dangerous, the least blast of wind will sometimes sink the ice suddenly to the bottom. This lake is also remarkable for its violent under-currents of water, not less than for its supposed subterraneous winds; from which, coupled with its great depth, it is thought to have communication underground with Lake Wenner, lying about forty miles to the westward of it.

Another remarkable lake of the north of Europe, is the inflammable lake of Baikal, in Siberia, so designated because it throws up an inflammable sulphurous liquid, which the neighbouring peasants burn in their lamps. There is also in the same province a sulphur lake overgrown with birch trees, which is described to be of horrible aspect, and as emitting an offensive odour, distinguishable at the distance of three miles.

Another singular lake is that near the town of Cerenitz, in Germany, which ebbs and flows—the ebbing taking place during a long drought, when the water runs off in eddies, through eighteen holes at the bottom, into, it is considered, subterraneous reservoirs; and on the first indication of which event the peasants indiscriminately rush



towards, and indeed into, the lake, to secure the fish before they retire with the water. Yet, when the water subsequently returns, fish are as plentiful as ever.

In Portugal are two lakes, situated on the summit of a ridge of mountains, that are remarkable for being calm when the sea is so,

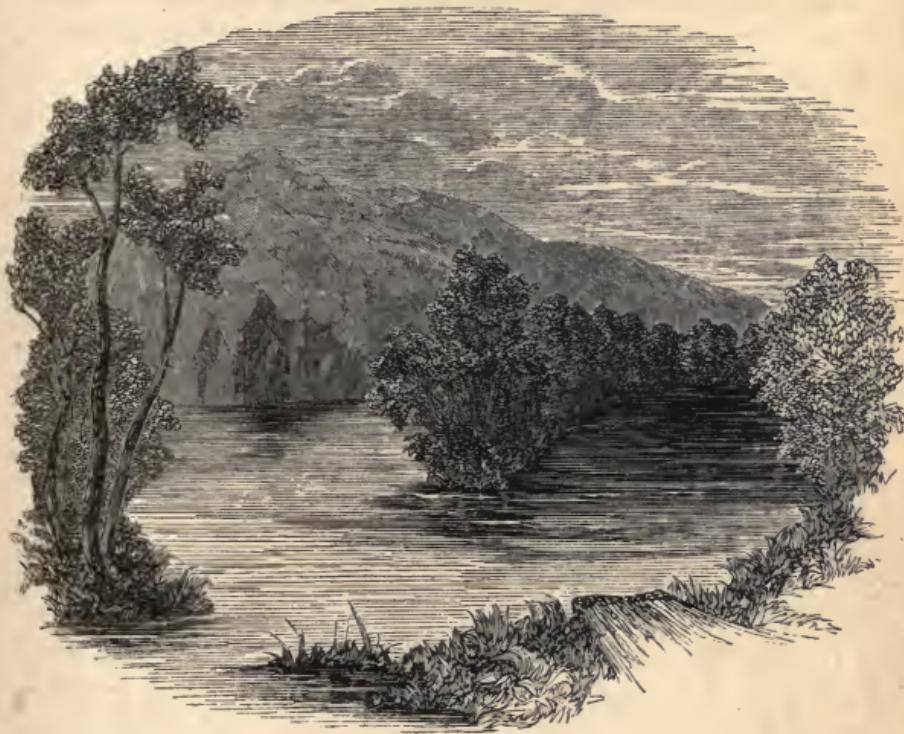
and rough when that is stormy, which makes it probable that they have a subterraneous communication with the ocean.

Between Grenoble and Lyons, in France, is a subterraneous lake, that is approached through a cavern ; and in Prussia, on lake Gerdau, is presented the curious spectacle of a floating island, whereon may be seen cattle feeding.

But for scenic beauty the more southern lakes of Europe are to be cited. Amongst these are the Lago Maggiore, the largest of Italy, which is environed with lofty hills, and overhanging the beautiful paths on whose banks trails the luxuriant vine, whilst groves of olive and lemon trees farther enhance the attraction to the gazer. The Lake Constance, too, is all glorious ; and so is Geneva, which stretching a length of fifty miles, and having a depth of one thousand feet, is overlooked by the majestic Alps.

In the British Islands are some lakes of great beauty, amongst which is the triple Lake of Killarney, in Ireland, the admiration of all travellers. And Loch Lomond, in Scotland, is of distinguished attraction, being thirty miles in length, interspersed with about thirty islands, which latter wonderfully diversify and increase the romance of its aspect. The scenery, too, of Loch Ness, in Invernessshire, is also very magnificent, and owing to its great depth (being in some parts upwards of eight hundred feet deep) its water never freezes. And there is Loch Tay, another of the Scottish lakes, which, like Loch Ness and others, has at times suffered violent and unaccountable agitations. In 1784 and 1794 extraordinary ebbings and flowings were remarked at its east end, and without any visible cause. It is further deserving of note, that in 1755, when Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, several of these lakes were exceedingly agitated.

At Loch Lomond the water rose rapidly, and flowed up the lake with amazing impetuosity, continuing ebbing and flowing for about an hour.



Among the Asiatic lakes is the Great Caspian, which is 640 miles long, and from 235 to 265 miles broad, comprising in its total circuit, including gulfs and bays, 2350 miles. In some parts of this immense inland sea, a line of 450 fathoms cannot reach the bottom;

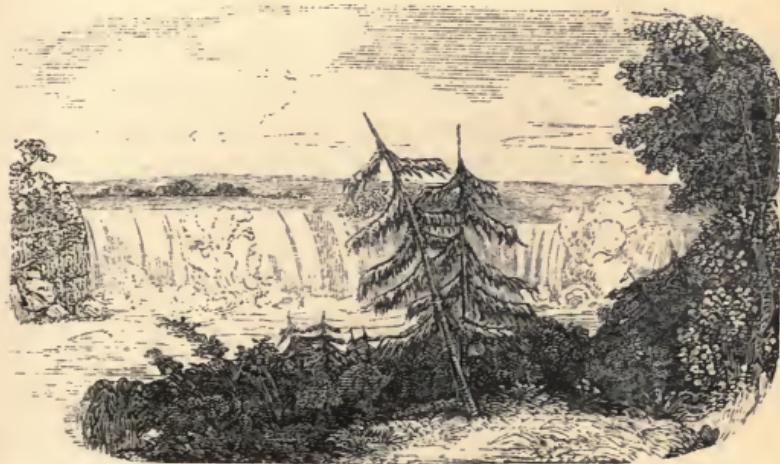
in other parts of it the shallows are as remarkable, and render navigation exceedingly dangerous. It is curious that its water should be as salt as that of the sea, and which has in addition a peculiar bitter taste, especially after the prevalence of north and north-west winds. This is partly ascribed to the presence of naphtha, which abounds on its western shores. There is a singular opinion held respecting this lake, to the effect that its waters rise for thirty years, and then sink for a corresponding period.

Lake Aral, in Tartary, is another enormous lake, being 150 miles long and 60 broad, reposing amid the solitude of sandy deserts; and though it receives the Oxus and many other rivers into it, and has no visible communication with the sea, its water, like that of the Caspian, is salt. This saltiness it seems as difficult to account for as for that of the sea; the more particularly, as in the neighbourhood of these lakes are many whose waters are quite fresh.

But of all the countries in the world, North America is the most celebrated for the extent of its inland water. The chain of lakes, comprising Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, forms the largest accumulation of fresh water in the world. The length of Ontario is 170 miles, and its breadth 45, whilst so great is its depth, that it never freezes during the severest winters; and Lake Erie, from its greater shallowness (being only at the utmost from fifteen to twenty fathoms deep), accumulates large quantities of ice; for where the water is shallow, it follows that a greater portion of the whole mass will be affected by any change of temperature, either from heat to cold, or from cold to heat—and this undoubtedly is the cause why Lake Erie is so peculiarly subject to the action of frost. This lake, too, is often lashed by storms, and as its bottom is in general rocky,

its anchorage is of course precarious: it is farther remarkable, as being connected with Ontario by the Niagara River, between which lakes, that are distant from each other thirty-six miles, exist the far-famed Falls. Lake Erie is 260 miles long, and forty in average breadth.

The third in this series of lakes is Huron, 240 miles in length, and 120 in average breadth, and from being very deep it gathers but



little ice. Again, Michigan, of about the same size, from its being still deeper, never freezes. Amongst other prominent objects on this latter lake, is a chain of islands 160 miles in length.

But the glory of them all, and indeed of all the lakes of the world (since the Caspian is a kind of sea, and does not contain fresh water), is Lake Superior, which has a length of 400 miles, and an average breadth of 120. Into this mighty reservoir about 1000 streams

empty themselves, forty of which are large rivers; and it is of such unrivalled transparency, that fish and rocks may be seen at a great depth. Though shallower than Michigan and Huron, the main body of its water resists the action of cold, whilst much of its superfluous water is supposed to be carried through unfathomable subterraneous cavities. Being a sea of itself, this lake is subject to many vicissitudes, and storms are not less dreadful here than on the ocean. Amongst the islands on its surface is one of 100 miles in length.



THE LITTLE ANGLER.

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MANY boys are fond of angling; so fond, indeed, that they will give up their books, and school, and work, and play, if their parents will let them, and spend the day in wandering up and down the streams, with hook and line in hand, to catch a few little fishes—and for what? To eat? No. True, they like fish well enough, but they never would toil all day for trout and perch, just for a supper, when they could have mackarel or salmon just as well without. O, no; it is something else that makes them love angling; it is the pleasure, the fun of it, as you would say.

Now, is it right to spend so much time, and cause so much pain, as anglers do, merely for the fun of it?

Fun is all very well, if it be not at the expense of others. You know the story of "The Frogs and the Boys," who pelted the poor reptiles for fun. It was fun to the lads, but death to the frogs.

I will tell you a story. Robert Jenkins was a famous little angler. He was a good boy at home as well as at school; but he never seemed so happy as, with hook and line in hand, sitting upon some mossy rock or green bank, like the boy you see in the picture, watching and waiting for the trout to bite. He was famous, too, for good luck, as

DU<sup>O</sup> SAFETY



J. COOPER

or TROUBLESONE COM

he called it ; and while many other boys could take but four, five, or six little roach or dace in a day, Robert could take thirty or forty. But it was the sport—the pleasure—the fun of it that he liked ; it was not the fish that he cared for.

Robert had naturally a feeling heart: he was not born for the love of angling. He had been led into the practice by some boys. He had seen them merry with their hooks and lines ; and so, to be merry with them, he angled too, till at last he loved it as well as they ; but he never baited his hook with a writhing worm, or took a poor dying trout from its cruel barb, without the most intense suffering.

At last, when he was about fifteen or sixteen years old, he said to himself one day, “ What does all this amount to ? Why should I be the cause of so much suffering and pain ? Why may I not just as well go and do something more in accordance with a manly feeling ? ”

He then looked on the beautiful, dashing, rippling streams, and glanced his eye along the steep banks, above and below the cascade, where he knew the spotted little trouts were. It was painful to give up the sport ; he loved it better than any other sport—better, I was going to say, than his very food. Then he thought again of his cruelty. At last conscience prevailed. He drew his fish-pole out of the brook for the last time, and has never angled again to this day.

Robert had a severe struggle in giving up his angling, but he now feels well repaid for it ; and he would not go back to his old habit for the world. It is true that he cannot pass a beautiful brook, which he has reason to think abounds with trout and perch, without feeling a momentary wish to angle again ; but at the second thought he remembers his promise, and says, “ I am resolved ; and now I cannot and will not alter my resolution.”



JACK the SAILOR BOY.

A SAILOR'S ADVENTURES.

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IT was Christmas time, and the Yule log was burning on the hearth. An old man sat in a great arm-chair close to a bright fire: his hand was on a book, but his chin was sinking on his breast; and though his spectacles, with the red fire-light glaring upon them, were staring straight on the page, his eyes looked very much as if they were shut.

“ Come, grandfather,” exclaimed a fine young midshipman, who bounced into the room followed by his two brothers, “ put down your book and tell us a story.”

“ Well, what must it be about?” said the old man, brightening his eyes, and looking quite ready to comply with the wishes of his grandsons.

“ Boarding a ship; blowing up a garrison; cutting out a frigate, or sailing close under the guns of a French battery.”

“ Oh, no,” said the other boy, “ tell us about the dreadful storm two days after a sea-fight, when the bodies of the dead drifted along with the tide, and knocked against the boat: and tell us how you thought you almost knew the face of your friend, and you almost

thought he spoke to you—the wind whistled so loudly as his body drifted by in the tempest. Tell us something like that; let it be very horrible."

" What say you, William ? " said the grandfather, turning to the youngest, his namesake and favourite. " Which shall it be ? "

" Willy smiled in his face, and climbed his knee, and looking up with his bright blue eyes, said, " I should like something dreadful, too; but I am tired of battles. Cannot you tell us something that you felt and saw when you were a little boy, like me ? "

" Before I was your age, Willy, I lost my father, and because my mother was very poor, I was sent to sea. When I was nine years old I had made a voyage to Greenland, and seen many wonders, great, terrible, and beautiful. I ought to be able to amuse you with accounts of ice-bergs, of whale and seal-fishing, and many other things; but I shall refrain from this part of my adventures for the present.

" The ship I was in was called ' The Ravensworth,' and she was ready again for sea, after my first voyage to the north. For a week she lay in Shields harbour, waiting for a wind. Everything was ready for sailing; we had but to slip her moorings and be off. At last the wind, which had been at the north-east for five weeks, chopped about, and a fine steady breeze came in from the westward. The captain went to Newcastle, to take the final orders from his employers, and a last look at his family, and he could not be back in time to cross the bar that night; but all hands were ordered on board, to be in readiness for sailing the next morning at five o'clock, the tide suiting at that hour.

" No one who knows anything of sailors will suppose that many of





The Fisherman's Wife.

them staid on board after the captain was out of sight. One after another they all went to a public house by the Low Lights, and each as he went gave me a charge to do some job or other for him before he came back. Many of the commissions were enforced by a blow, and a promise of vengeance if the lazy dog should leave the given work undone. They were all gone, and left alone I breathed for a moment.

"I have that evening as fresh in my memory as if it were but yesterday. The sun was just setting, and the river Tyne looked broader, clearer, fresher, and brighter in that sunset than ever I had seen it before. I stood gazing up the river towards Newcastle, and then down upon the water, beautifully wrinkled by the fresh breeze that played over its surface. I thought of my mother; and stood still and strained my eyes towards the place where she lived, and did not even dare to wink, for fear of losing for an instant the dream and the sunset glory. I felt that my eyes were filling with tears; and although I was not going to cry, yet I let them fill, that I might see the colours of the rainbow through them. And then the landscape grew dimmer and dimmer, and glanced and danced about, and the Tyne looked so dazzling, and rays of light seemed to shoot from every thing, as the setting sun gleamed on the mast heads round about, which had all been clean washed by a shower of rain.

How long I stood in this way I know not: the sun was set and the sky had faded, when I was roused from my reverie by hearing two or three voices shouting very loud. I started—I thought my shipmates were coming back already, and in great terror I looked towards the shore, which to my astonishment was rapidly receding from my view. The shout I heard was from some keelmen rowing up the

river, and the good fellows were wishing success to our fishing, and a safe return to Old England.

“ The *Ravensworth* had broken from her moorings, and with wind and tide was going out to sea.

“ I afterwards found that although many saw her sail out of the harbour, yet no one was aware that all hands were not on board. Every man was concerned about his own affairs: they all knew that she was ready for sea; and although it excited some sort of surprise that she should try to cross the bar when the tide was so low, instead of waiting for the next morning's tide, no one troubled his head about her. Some people collected on the top of the hill where the lighthouse now stands, to see her cross the bar: there was not light enough for them to see, but all prophesied that she could not do it that night. The next morning the truth was known to everybody: the captain had come back—had found his ship's crew drunk, and his ship gone.

“ My first feeling, when I found the ship over the bar, was joy at having escaped from my savage shipmates. ‘ They are angry enough now, thought I, and I dare say swearing at me at a desperate rate, but they cannot get at me this time. I shall have plenty to eat and to drink, and the cat-o'-nine tails and I shall be friends this voyage.’

“ ‘ And now,’ said I, ‘ as I am fairly drifted out of the harbour, I'll have a sail in earnest; so with a great effort I loosed the halliards of the boom-sheet, and taking a turn round the crank, hove away till I had raised it high enough for the wind to fill. I then hoisted the jib and foresail, and the south-west breeze carried me away in fine style. I thought I saw some boats following me, but I soon out-

distanced them, and the night coming on, I suppose they lost sight of me.

" When I awoke in the morning, I found all lonely and silent around me—a smooth sea, and plenty of it, with a nice breeze, and the ship running before it—where to I knew not; but it was an adventure, and I liked it—something would come of it—I did not care much what it was; and so I let the vessel keep her course.

" Now for the first time I began to consider whether I could do anything towards my own safety. I thought that as long as the provisions lasted, and as long as there was plenty of sea-room, I was safe, and that at last I must fall into the course of some ship homeward bound from the Baltic; and I looked anxiously round for a sail, but not one was to be seen along the clear line of the horizon.

" For three days I was out on the German Ocean, without anything coming near me. I saw several ships at various distances, but none took any notice of me. Yet living creatures I did see; for numbers of fishes used to surround the ship, and sometimes two or three great ones would surround her for the whole day. Several times I fancied they were waiting for me; and then I looked fearfully at the great waves around me, like a wall, and thought, ' What is there to prevent me from being swallowed up by the sea, and devoured by these frightful hungry things? ' But still I kept myself from the side of the ship, and kept a good look-out ahead.

" Well, to cut my story short—after having been three weeks at sea, one morning when I went on deck I saw land; yes, I plainly saw a flat low line of land to the eastward. I thanked God both with my heart and lips, and with a trembling hand raised a signal of dis-

tress—the ensign with the union downwards. Soon after I saw a fishing-boat coming out towards me; and as soon as I could discern the faces of the men, and hear them hail, I was so overjoyed that I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself into the sea. As soon as I caught a glimpse of their blue caps and broad breeches, I knew them to be Dutchmen. I was on the coast of Holland,

“ The fishermen, when they saw no one on board but me, held a



consultation, and, as I supposed, they thought the ship fair booty. One went into the cabin and began to rummage: upon this I seized a pistol from above the captain's berth, and presenting it, told him to desist, or I would blow his brains out. The ship was in my care, and no one should do any depredation.

“ The man muttered something, and went on deck. I followed him, and placing myself above the ‘ companion,’ told him and his

fellows not to attempt going below, but to get the ship into port. One of them happened to know a little English, which was lucky ; and he replied that they would do so, provided I promised to pay them for their labour. This I readily did, at the same time giving them to understand that they must obey my orders or leave the ship.

“ This firmness and decision brought the men to a sense of duty, for they plainly saw that to do anything wrong to the cargo they must murder me ; a hazardous and not very pleasant job for the conscience. So they were content to do as I directed them ; and in less than an hour the *Ravensworth* was safe in a Dutch port.

“ When all was snug, an officer of the Dutch Customs came on board, and the fishermen, in return for my boldness in preventing their depredations, insinuated that I had run away with the ship from a British port—that I had confessed as much—and that my object was to sell her.

“ Upon this I was immediately seized and taken before a Dutch magistrate, who ordered me to prison, till such time as inquiry could be made. And here I remained in a cold, dark, damp cell for several weeks.

“ At last I was surprised to see the captain come into the cell. He had been in search, in a cutter, for his ship ever since I had drifted away. Delighted indeed was he to find all safe and sound ; and when I told him how I had preserved the cargo, he said I should be rewarded.

“ So I was taken from prison, and found myself again on board the *Ravensworth*. My story was made known ; and my adventure brought me into notice, and was the cause of all my success in after-

life; for many of the friends I then gained continued their patronage ever after."

The object of this story is to show my young friends that out of evil sometimes comes good; and that we should always be bold to protect whatever may be in our charge, although at the risk of life and limb.







Alfred watching the Cakes.

## TALES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.



## CANUTE THE GREAT.

HERE is a monarch who bears, like many others, the epithet of Great—a term very much misapplied in some cases, if not in many; and I have some doubts concerning its being fitly applied to the hero of this story.

Canute was the son of Sweyn, King of Norway, and was heir to the throne of England, inasmuch as Sweyn had usurped it. There was another claimant, whom the Saxons had chosen for their king—namely, Edmund Ironsides, a natural son of King Ethelred. Edmund was a brave man, and fought a great number of pitched battles, and relieved London. Still the Danes, over whom Canute presided, were by no means subdued ; and he at last offered to decide the respective claims of himself and Canute to the throne by a personal combat, saying, that it was a pity so many lives should be lost and perilled by their ambition. A very wise and sensible speech : for if this principle had been universally adopted, oceans of blood, which has been shed in all countries of the world, might have been spared.

Canute, in reply to this proposal, made a very sensible remark : he said—“ I am of slender make : you, Edmund Ironsides, are robust, and a giant compared with me. I shall, therefore, stand no chance ; and I think it would be far better for us to divide the kingdom between us.” So it was arranged that Canute should reign over the north, and Edmund Ironsides over the south ; but, alas ! poor Edmund, a few months afterwards, was found murdered, and no one could say who did it. As it was very much to Canute’s interest to get rid of Ironsides, some people thought the murder was by his contrivance.

Canute managed the affairs of his kingdom with great judgment. His last military expedition was against the Scotch, whom he completely subdued. Peace succeeded ; and as Canute got older he became more peaceable, and the latter part of his reign was the happiest in England since Alfred and Athelstan. He was cheerful, and accessible to all his subjects, without distinction of rank or nation.

When at the height of his power, and when all things seemed to bend to his lordly will (so goes the story), Canute, disgusted one day with the extravagant flattery of his courtiers, caused his throne to be placed on the verge of the sands of the sea-shore as the tide was rolling in ; and seating himself, he said, “ Ocean, the land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion—come no farther.” But the waves did come, showing no distinction between a king and a stone ; and then Canute laughed heartily at his flatterers. The chroniclers go farther, and say that Canute immediately took off his crown, and depositing it in the cathedral of Winchester, never wore it again.





THE DOMESTICATED RABBIT.

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THE rabbit in its wild state differs from the hare but little; it is smaller, and has shorter ears and hinder legs. The domesticated or tame rabbit, such as you see in the picture, is various in colour—pied, white, ash-coloured, grey, black.

In the wild state, game-keepers give various names to rabbits: with them they are warreners, porters, sweethearts, and hedgehogs. The warrener burrows underground, and has the most valuable fur. The porter's favourite haunt is in gentlemen's pleasure grounds, where they usually breed in great numbers. Sweethearts are the tame rabbits. The hedgehog is a sort of vagabond rabbit, which travels up and down the country like a tinker or pedlar.

Rabbits are reared in this country either in warrens or hutches. Warrens are pieces of ground on purpose for the rabbits, in which they burrow, and build their subterranean cities. Hutches are small huts, and are generally placed one above another, to the height required by the number of rabbits and the extent of the room. Each of these rabbits should have two rooms, a feeding room and a bedroom, and both rooms must be kept perfectly clean, or the rabbits become sickly.

The number of rabbits will increase if they are well attended to, in a most surprising manner. Beginning at the age of six months, it is said they will produce seven litters of young in a year; and each litter consisting of eight, would, according to the laws of arithmetic, produce in four years 1,274,840 rabbits. But this would not, I dare say, take place, from various causes, which prevent such multiplication. One pair will, however, certainly produce at least twenty young in a year; and in ten years, at the lowest possible estimate, the increase would be at least 20,000,000. Given, how many might a person who should live seventy years obtain from a pair, at this rate, in his whole life-time? Cypher that out, my young friends.

Rabbits should be well fed; and you that keep rabbits will do well not to stint them. They eat all kinds of green food, but cannot thrive without corn, such as wheat, oats, rye, or beans.

The rabbit is a very fond animal. Like the cat, it likes to be caressed. There is an old saying, that a cat's breath is unhealthy, but a dog's quite healthy. What would be said about the breath of a rabbit I do not know; but I have one thing to tell you—that as long as you are in health yourselves, the breath of other animals, even of your own playmates, is unhealthy, and should be avoided.

Tame rabbits, like other domesticated animals, are sometimes quite troublesome. Mr. Swainton, in his book about poultry and other tame animals, relates the following story:—

“A whimsical lady admitted a rabbit, which she called Corney Buttercup, into her house, where he became her companion upwards of a year. He soon intimidated the largest cats so much, by chasing them round the room, and darting upon them, and tearing their hair out by mouthfuls, that they very seldom dared to approach him. He

slept in the lap, by choice, or upon a chair, or the hearth-rug, and was as full of mischief and tricks as a monkey. He destroyed all the rush-bottomed chairs within his reach, and would refuse nothing to eat or drink which was eaten or drunk by any other member of the family."

The last fact—that the rabbit would eat and drink whenever he saw others do so, might serve as a useful hint to some boys and girls, whom I have seen, who eat and drink things which they do not like at first, just because others use them, till they come to like them at last; and although they find out that they are bad for their health, are not willing to give them up. Oh, the power of habit over you! Take care, then, not to form any bad habits.



THE BULL.

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EVERYBODY knows what a bull is, and therefore I shall say very little about them. The fine fellow represented in the engraving is a portrait of a celebrated Spanish bull which was slain at the time the Duke of Wellington was in Spain.

Bull-fights were known from the earliest periods, and the combats of the Roman amphitheatre were very dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull, and the victory sometimes lay with the quadruped: on one occasion thirty combatants were killed, and only four bulls bit the dust.

In honour of Lord Wellington, a bull-fight was exhibited at Cadiz, in 1812, at which I attended. It was in the Plaza de Toros. This space is a large amphitheatre capable of holding 14,000 persons. On this occasion it was not full, and I suppose that not more than 10,000 people were present. The appearance of the assembly was striking, and a degree of interest was excited in every countenance. I entered the place at the moment when the first bull was killed, and horses gaily decorated were dragging him from the circle, amid the sounds of music and the applauding shouts of the people.

Preparations were made for a fresh conflict. Three men were



posted behind each other, about ten yards asunder, mounted on small

but active horses, and armed with spears about fifteen feet long; and five or six men on foot, dressed in scarlet cloaks, were placed on the other side of the arena. The gates were thrown open, and the bull rushed in. He made towards the first horseman, who received him on the point of his spear, and wounded him in the shoulder: this turned him, and he attacked the second horseman with great fury; but from the want either of dexterity on the part of the rider, or agility in the animal, the poor horse was dreadfully gored in the body. The combatants were soon disentangled, and the bull attacked the third horseman, who received him like the first, and wounded him severely. He now became furious, and galloped round the circle; but either from the loss of blood, or the pain he endured, he was fearful of again facing the horsemen. The men on foot then began to irritate him, by sticking small darts in his body, and whenever he made a push at them threw the cloak over his eyes, and with great dexterity avoided his thrust.

This irritation was continued for some time, till the animal, streaming with blood, became exhausted. The Matador, or principal actor, then made his appearance, armed with a small sword and cloak. He advanced towards the bull, which ran and pushed at him, but the man received the thrust on his cloak, and stepping nimbly aside, withheld his blow, because the animal did not present himself in the exact attitude which the Matador required for dispatching him with grace. He then made a second advance towards the animal, and while he was in the act of pushing at him, plunged his short sword up to the hilt between his shoulders. The bull ran a few paces, staggered, and dropped dead. The trumpets sounded a flourish, horses galloped in, and being fastened to the carcass dragged it away, amid the applauding shouts of the spectators.

Six or seven other bulls were then in succession dispatched in a similar manner. When the last bull was fighting, the Matador so contrived it that he gave him the coup-de-grace immediately under the box in which were seated Lord Wellington and the English party. Before this operation he addressed himself to his lordship, and said with much dignity, that he should kill that bull to the health of George III., which was quickly performed. His lordship threw him some money, after which the entertainment closed.

This bull-fight was represented to me as a very inferior exhibition, owing to the coolness of the weather; the bulls having much more courage during the intense heat of summer than at any other season. It is certainly a cruel amusement, both to the bulls and to the horses, although attended with little danger to the men. All such sports add nothing, in my opinion, to the courage of a nation.

Bull-baiting, which is equally inhuman, was till within the last two or three years a popular sport with the English. But it is now abolished; and I hope other sports equally barbarous will be also entirely discontinued, for the honour of us as a nation.



FRANK  
BEAUCHAMP



THE SAILOR'S FAMILY

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

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## CHAPTER I.

THERE he is going away, poor Jem Kasey ! he would be a soldier.

Ay, soldiering is a very strange trade. Indeed, was it not for the music, the drums and fifes, the bugles and the flags, fine clothes and feathers, it would not be half so much followed. But still soldiers are necessary, or the French and other nations would come over and lick us, as we have been forced to lick them ; and I do not know whether they would use us quite so well afterwards.

Jem was the son of a poor widow, who of course was very fond of him ; for all widows are fond of their sons—they seem both son and husband.

His father was an officer in the army, and was killed in the expedition to Holland, where the English were obliged to beat a retreat. His death was somewhat remarkable. He was, poor fellow, aid-de-camp to the Duke of York, and was sent with a dispatch across the field of battle during a hot cannonade on the British lines. The horse galloped at great speed, but a cannon ball took the poor officer's head off so suddenly, that the horse proceeded onwards for some distance with the headless body, which sat bolt upright as if nothing had been the matter.

One would have thought that such a catastrophe would have been enough to have frightened poor Jem ; but being offered an ensigncy by the duke, as a set-off against his father's death, the poor youth had little alternative, and accepted the honour. He accordingly was equipped, and went into the 49th, a regiment chosen for some of the hottest of the work at all times.

The regiment joined the army of the Peninsular, under Lord Wellington. There were about 10,000 men under his command ; and the object in view was to drive the French out of Spain—rather a difficult task.

But, as the word “ difficulty ” is not to be found in the Military Guide Book, the army looked upon the matter with indifference ; they were to be at such a place at such a time, and at another place at another time, let who would stand in the way.

The British troops sailed from Cork on the 12th of July, 1808, and soon afterwards arrived off the coast of Portugal. They began to disembark on the 1st of August. The French general was Junot, who was by no means idle : he had assembled a force of 14,000 men, and prepared for a decisive battle.

The British occupied a position around the little town of Vimiera ; and Junot observing that Wellington had a weak point to the left, sent down a strong force upon it. The English general observing this, immediately ordered a strong force from his right to support it ; but as the route of these troops lay along the valley behind the village, and could not be seen by the French on the hills above, Junot soon found, to his surprise, that he had some tough fighting before him, and a powerful front of battle, where he expected nothing but weakness.

The battle began about ten o'clock, and the French, as they usually do, came on boldly: they forced in the skirmishers at once, but were received with a sharp discharge of musketry. Some close and heavy firing ensued, and the order was then given to use the bayonet. The enemy came to the charge bravely, and stood it for a moment, but in that moment their foremost rank fell like a line of grass before the mowers.

Jem was with his little company quite in the thickest of the melee. He had been struck in the arm by a musket-ball, and was nearly fainting from loss of blood, when a fresh discharge of cannon, and a scatter of grape-shot among his men, roused him. The French troops were making a desperate effort, when a charge of cavalry dashed in among them, cutting and hacking on every side. The British soldiers cheered; and the colonel of the regiment, named Cooper, calling out "Follow me, my lads, we'll soon beat them," rushed forward, sword in hand, cheering on his men. He was, however, surrounded by horsemen, and would have fallen a victim to the horrors of war, had not Jem dashed forward with two of his men, and having parried the thrust made at the heroic officer, and killed one of his assailants, saved him from death. The French instantly gave way, and Colonel Cooper and Jem sank side by side on the field of blood.

Both disabled, and fainting from weakness, they remained for some time almost insensible, while the troops charged over their bodies, trampling to death their poor comrades, who lay wounded around them. By good fortune the colonel and Jem were spared this mangling; and when the French were driven off, and the smoke and dust had cleared away, they ventured to speak to each other.

"My good young friend," said the colonel, "I am indebted to you

for my life, at least, but I fear I shall have to put up with the loss of a leg and an arm. My leg is shot through, and my arm is cut to pieces."

Jem, although writhing with pain, immediately unbound his sash, and tied it as tight as he was able round the colonel's thigh, which saved him from farther loss of blood; he then looked about among the slain for a bandage for his own arm. A brother officer had fallen a little farther on, and was quite dead, a cannon-ball having passed through his body: he tore the sash from the corpse for his own necessities. A little farther lay in great agony the quartermaster of the regiment, with a brandy-flask in his hand, vainly endeavouring to raise the cordial to his lips, but he expired in the effort; and when Jem was assured of his being quite dead, he took the flask from him and presented it to the sinking colonel. That seasonable drop of liquor saved his life—he revived, and with heartfelt gratitude blessed Jem for his attentions.

During the whole night the wounded lay on the field; but on the following morning the baggage-waggons came round, and Jem and the colonel learned that the French had been beaten; that the English army were ordered to advance up the country, and that the wounded were to be carried towards the sea-coast, in the rear. So the wounded were picked up and placed in tumbrils, which cantered away at a pace sufficient to dislocate every bone in their bodies. This haste, by no means uncommon after a battle, was essential in this instance, as a heavy body of French horse were seen mustering upon the hills beyond, and it was feared they would attack a small reserve left behind to protect the wounded. The agony Jem suffered in this jolting was beyond description; but at last they reached the coast.

After a few weeks the colonel and himself were enabled to take the air; when orders came that the wounded were to be conveyed back to England.

Such was Jem's first lesson in soldiering; and glad was he when he saw the vessel's prow turned towards home. He thought of his mother, and what joy it would be to see her, and of the old cottage, and the cat, and the dog, and the blackbird in the cage, and all the little endearments of home; and his heart leaped for joy within him, when he thought to himself, "I have done my duty."

The colonel was beyond measure grateful to Jem for saving him from the foe, and declared he would be a friend to him as long as he lived. He called him his son, and reported him to the commander-in-chief as a brave young man deserving promotion.

At last they arrived in England, by which time Jem was restored to perfect health. He landed at Dover; and, after taking an affectionate leave of the colonel, set forward in post haste towards his mother's residence at Chertsey.



## STORY OF A FOREST.

## CHAPTER IV.

SPARKS, Wilmot, and their companions made as quickly out of the wood as their legs could carry them, and scarcely cast a thought on their fellow playmate, excepting that Sparks said once or twice, " Oh, he'll soon be home when he finds we won't come back"—trying, of course, to satisfy his conscience, by making himself believe that Rushton could have walked home with them, had he been so inclined.

During the time that these occurrences had taken place with the soldier band, Alfred and Edwin had been very differently occupied.

They had wandered on and on, chatting as they went, towards the before-mentioned bower. It was in a recluse dingle, at the other extremity of the wood, in the middle of which Rushton had been deserted.

As they approached the spot, Alfred at the very top of his voice called out, " There it is! there it is! that is the spot, just beyond that ash-tree."

" Where? " said Edwin, " I cannot see it."

“ Why, by the ash-tree Don’t you know an ash-tree? You see it is very different to an oak. All its branches have a graceful bend downwards, while the oak throws his about in the open air as if he was afraid of nothing, and stretches himself forth in the spirit of freedom.”

“ The what? the ‘spirit of freedom?’ I don’t know what you mean,” said Edwin. “ I wish you would not talk so funny.”



“ What do you mean by ‘funny?’ I suppose you mean that I talk in a manner you are not used to. The last time I was out with my mother she told me this. There, there is an oak, and here is an ash. You see how different they are: one seems to be full of bows and graces, like a fine young gentleman in a ball-room, and the other stands up like a man, and seems to say, ‘ I am not afraid of anything.’ ”

“ Well, so it does. But what tree is that a little farther on, with the stick part of it white ? ”

“ The stick part of it ! You should call it the *trunk*. It has whitish bark. The tree is called the Lady Birch, or Lady of the Woods. You see it is slender and tall, and graceful and delicate, just like a young lady.”

“ Well, I never thought of all this before. I never took any notice of trees. I thought they were all very much alike.”

“ So did I, till my mother taught me. Why, there is as much difference in trees as there is in everything else : some are tall and straight ; some are thick and stumpy ; some have roundish leaves, some long ones ; some have blossoms, some have not ; some grow about a hundred feet high, and others creep on the ground ; some give fruit, while others are poison. I could tell you a great deal about trees, but I cannot just now.”

The boys had now reached the spot where the bower had been the previous year, and Alfred was surprised to find it completely destroyed. All the branches that he had hung over it with so much care had been rudely cut and hacked away, while the tall ferns and rank grass completely choked the spot.

“ What, is this the beautiful spot you told me of ? ” said Edwin. Well, if I had known it I never would have come all this way just to see a lot of bramble bushes.”

“ Hush ! hush ! ” said Alfred, “ I hear him : that’s his chirp—I know it. He is afraid of you. Here, creep under these bushes, and look at me.”

Edwin did as he was told, and Alfred began to chirrup. Presently a little bird on the topmost branch of a tree answered him, and hop-

ping from branch to branch, it at last rested on one of the lowest, close to the ground.

“ Sweet—sweet,” said Alfred ; and taking a piece of cake out of his pocket, crumbled it, and threw it towards the bird. The little thing picked it up, and fluttered about, and chirped, and seemed quite delighted.

“ It is the same bird ! it is my own dickey ! ” said Alfred, rejoiced to see him again. “ Ah ! we will have a bower again this year. That is the way to keep a bird—a great deal better than putting it in a cage.”

So the little boys set to work ; and taking out their knives, and some string which Alfred had in his pocket, began to tie the branches together. Then they got some turf and made seats within, and then some long grass to lay on them, and to twine between the sticks ; and they worked away right merrily, chatting all the time ; Alfred informing Edwin of a great many things of which he had never heard, and which was quite amusing.

The sun, however, set without their being aware of it, and they were warned by the twilight that it was time to think of returning home.

“ Well, we cannot finish it to-night ; we must come next Saturday afternoon,” said Alfred. “ And when we have made it a very pretty place, we will ask your mother and my mother to come and see it. I’ll tell you what we will do. We will have a drawing-room here, and parlour here, and another room here ; and here I will have a little chapel.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” said Edwin, “ that is droll. A chapel ! What do you want a chapel for ? Why, I don’t like chapel. When I went

last Sunday afternoon, it was so hot, and I was so sleepy, and I had eaten such a good dinner, that I felt quite drowsy. When the minister began, I fell asleep, and then my father gave me a push in the back, and said, 'Keep your eyes open ;' but I could not. Then, because I could not sing, I got another push in the back ; and so it is every Sunday. I won't help you to build a chapel, that I won't—there's no good in that : let us build a playhouse, and play Jack the Giant-killer. Robert Bounce can come up and play the giant ; I'll be Jack, and you can be the old conjuror. Then we can play Jack and the Bean-stalk : that tall tree will make a capital bean-stalk, will it not ? I suppose by your wanting to play at chapel, you wish to be the parson.

"Now, you do not understand me a bit," said Alfred. "I do not want to play at chapel at all. I really mean it. I should like to have a little place set quite apart by itself. I should like to dress it with flowers and garlands, and put in it everything that was beautiful ; and then I should like to come sometimes and kneel down and say my prayers there."

"What, your real prayers ; the same as you say of a night when you go to bed ? Why, it always sends me off to sleep ; and sometimes I get a knock if I happen to gape. It always sets me yawning when I think of my prayers."

"Is it possible ?"

"Why, don't you see it does ?" said he, yawning. "I hate to think about God, it makes me quite dull and drowsy."

"Well, it makes me quite the reverse. The more I think about God, the more it enlivens me up. Why, I think God is always close by me. Oh ! I do love him so, you do not know."

"There, now, that's what my mother says I should do ; but I cannot—I am always so frightened. Oh ! its very awful ! But come, it is getting dark ; let us go."

"I am ready," said Alfred.

And so the little fellows prepared to depart. Edwin finished bending down a few more hazel-twigs, and the other cleared away the long grass from the bottom of the bower.

"There," said he, "we may as well leave it nice and tidy."

"I hope it won't be wet next week," said Edwin, "and then, you know, we shall be able to finish it, and have a feast, or something."

"And I hope it will be wet," said Alfred.

"Why do you ? That is strange."

"Because I heard a farmer say that a little wet would do a great deal of good. Aye, you say you don't like to talk about God. Did you ever go out after a shower, and notice how lovely the grass looked, and the flowers, and everything ? Then what a beautiful day was to-day ! and then how happy we have been ; and what nice things we have to eat—apples, and pears, and everything we can think of. You know we should not have any of these if it were not from God. We might not be alive, you know. Well, I feel as if I never could thank God enough. If I should live to be a man"—

During this latter sentence the two boys had left their bower, and were some little distance from it on their road homewards. They had just reached the corner of a cross-road, when whom should they meet but Sparks and his companions.

"Ah ! Mr. Deserters," said Sparks, "you will be late home as well as us. Have you had some good sport ?"

"Pretty well," said Alfred. "But where are the other boys?"

"Oh, some have gone one way and some another. There has been such a fight!" And then he told him about the combat between Rushton and Dashwood.

"Then your sham fight turned out a real one."

"Yes," said Sparks, "and we have left one wounded man in the wood."

"How, left him!"

"Oh, he pretended to be very bad; but I know him well enough—he is used to shamming. When he does not want to go to school he shams, and makes his mother believe he is very ill; and all sorts of ways he has; and he shams everything. We were not going to be taken in that way, were we?" said he, appealing to his companions.

"What, is Rushton really left in the wood?" said Alfred. "And it is almost eight o'clock: it will soon be dark. Is he very much hurt? Do tell me."

"Don't I tell you it's all sham," said Sparks, peevishly; "but if you want to go after him, you will find him close to the deadman's tree—where the poacher shot the game-keeper, and went and hanged himself on it afterwards."

"And all alone, by himself?" said Alfred.

"Oh! don't you go," said Edwin; "don't you go. I won't go with you. I should be frightened out of my wits."

"Go! I should think not," said another of the boys. "Don't you remember how he knocked you backwards this morning?"

"I shall go," said Alfred. "I don't know the place, however. Is it anywhere near that beautiful group of larch trees?"

"Larch trees!" said several of the boys. And not one of them knew what a larch tree was.

"I can't tell you any more about it," said Sparks: "it is somewhere in the middle of the wood. But I shall have nothing to do with him: he would always do as he liked—you all know that."

"Of course," said several of the boys together, "he always would have everything his own way."

"Now I think of it again, I will go with you," said Edwin. "I was not afraid of the dog, was I? A boy's life is of more value than a lamb's, is it not?"

"Indeed it is," said Alfred. "I thought you would not leave me. We will soon find him. Come along—come along."



## ALICE FLEMING.

BY MARY HOWITT.



THEY sat upon the green hill-side,  
Sweet Alice Fleming and her brother;  
" Now tell me, Alice," said the youth,  
" And tell me in sincerest truth—  
Thy thoughts no longer smother—

“ Wherefore I should not go to sea?  
 Dost fear that evil will befall?  
 Dost think I surely must be drowned,  
 Or that our ship will run aground,  
 And each wind blow a squall?

“ Dear Alice, be not faint of heart,  
 Thou needst not have a fear for me;  
 I know we're orphans—but despite  
 Our homely lot, in God's good sight,  
 I'll be a father unto thee!

“ Cheer up, cheer up! the ship is stout;  
 A well-built ship and beautiful—  
 I know the crew, all brave and kind  
 As e'er spread canvas to the wind—  
 ‘ The Adventure,’ bound from Hull;

“ A whaler to the northern seas;  
 And think, what joy to meet again!  
 Dear Alice, when we next sit here,  
 Thou'l't laugh at every idle fear;  
 Wilt know all fear is idle then.

“ Three voyages I'll only take,  
 As a poor ship-boy: thou shalt see,  
 So well the seaman's craft I'll learn,  
 That not a man from stem to stern  
 But shall be proud of me!

Ay, Alice, and some time or other  
 I'll have a ship—nay, it is true,  
 Though thou mayst smile; and for thy sake  
 I'll call it by thy name, and make  
 A fortune for us two.”

The boy went to the sea, and Alice,  
In a sweet dale by Simmer Water,  
Where dwelt her parents, there dwelt she  
With a poor peasant's family,  
And was among them as a daughter.

Each day she did her household part,  
Singing like some light-hearted bird;  
Or sat upon the lonely fells  
Whole days among the heather-bells,  
To keep the peasant's little herd.

Poor Alice, she was kind and good;  
Yet oft upon the mountains lone  
Her heart was sad, and 'mong the sheep,  
When no eye saw her, she would weep  
For many sorrows of her own.

Sweet maiden—and she yet must weep:  
Her brother meantime far away  
Sailed in that ship so stout and good,  
With hopeful spirit unsubdued,  
Beyond the farthest northern bay.

The voyage was good, his heart was light;  
He loved the sea; and now once more  
He sailed upon another trip,  
With the same captain, the same ship,  
In the glad spring, for Elsinore.

Again, unto the Bothnian Gulf—  
But 'twas a voyage of wreck and sorrow;  
The captain died upon the shore  
Where he was cast, and twenty more  
Were left among the rocks of Snorro.

The boy was picked up by a boat  
 Belonging to a Danish ship;  
 And as they touched at Riga Bay,  
 They left him there; for what could they  
 Do with a sick boy on the deep?

And there within a hospital  
 Fevered he lay, and worn and weak,  
 Bowed with great pain, a stranger lad,  
 Who not a friend to soothe him had,  
 And not a word of Russ could speak.



Amid that solitude and pain  
 He begged some paper, and he wrote  
 To Alice: 'twas a letter long—  
 But then he used his English tongue,  
 And every sorrow he poured out.

Poor Alice! did she weep?—ah, yes,  
 She wept, indeed, one live-long day;  
 But then her heart was strong and true,  
 And calmly thus she spoke: "I, too,  
 Will go to Riga Bay!"

“ To that wild place!” the people said,  
“ Where none can English understand!  
Oh! go not there: depend upon ’t,  
He’s dead ere now—he does not want  
Your aid: leave not your native land !”

’Twas vain; each word they spoke was vain;  
She took with her the little store  
Left at her father’s dying day,  
And for the Baltic sailed away:  
Such steadfast love that maiden bore!

Is this the boy so stout and bold,  
That on the green hill sat with her?  
Is this the brother, blithe of cheer,  
The careless heart without a fear?  
Is this the joyful mariner?

The same; for in that hospital  
There is no English boy but he:  
The same—the very same; none other,  
Sweet Alice Fleming, than thy brother;  
And well he knoweth thee!

Ay, though the boy with suffering bowed,  
Was changed indeed, and feeble grown;  
Better to him than oil and wine,  
Better by far than doctors nine,  
Was his kind sister’s cheering tone.

And soon ’twas told through Riga town  
What love an English sister bore  
Her brother—how she left her home  
Among the mountains, and had come  
To tend him on this distant shore.

And she a maiden scarce sixteen!  
 'Twas a sweet tale of tenderness,  
 That all were happy to repeat:  
 The women, passing in the street,  
 Spoke of it, and they spoke to bless.

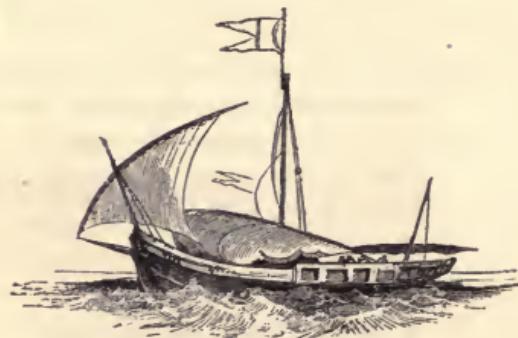
So did the merchants on the quay;  
 So did all people, old and young;  
 And when into the street she went,  
 All looked a kindly sentiment,  
 And blessed her in their Russian tongue.

But now the youth grew strong and stout;  
 And as he to the sea was bent,  
 And ne'er in toil or danger quailed;  
 So, light of heart and proud, he sailed  
 Mate of a ship from Riga sent.

Its owner was Paul Carlowitz,  
 A merchant, and of Russian birth,  
 As rich as Croesus; and this same,  
 Despite his ships, and wealth, and name—  
 For of an ancient line he came—  
 Loved Alice Fleming for her worth.

He was no merchant old and gruff,  
 Sitting 'mong money-bags in state;  
 Not he: a handsome man, and kind,  
 As you in any land would find,  
 Or choose for any maiden's mate.

And if you sail to Riga town,  
You'll find it true, upon my life;  
And any child will show you where  
Lives Carlowitz, who took the fair  
Poor English maiden for his wife.



WILLIAM TELL.

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I DARE say most of my young friends have read of Switzerland, and heard about its people. They are a brave independent race, and will not suffer their rights to be infringed with impunity ; nor do they like to be trampled on by those who wish to enslave them by religious opinions. Many of the brave Swiss are at this moment fighting against the enemies of truth and righteousness.

It is a great many years ago since William Tell existed ; but the spirit of liberty which inspired him exists eternally ; and it is such men as Tell that inspire nations with opinions and principles of action, which last as long as a nation lasts.

William Tell was the proprietor of a cottage and a few vineyards, like his father ; and when he was a man, just entering into the prime of life, Switzerland was cruelly oppressed by Gesler, the governor of the canton of Uri, in which William resided. This Gesler was a very wicked man by nature, as well as a tyrant by virtue of his office.

William Tell's father-in-law's name was Melchthal ; and upon a rude Austrian soldier's attempting to drive away some of his cattle,

he resisted, and his son, Arnold, struck the soldier, and drove him away. The soldier laid his complaint before Gesler, who immediately ordered Arnold to be apprehended; but the young man had fled. The father, however, was taken; and the cruel governor, in spiteful revenge, ordered the poor old man's eyes to be torn out; no uncommon practice with the wicked rulers of those days.

So the poor old man groped his blind way to Tell; who, when he saw him in this piteous plight, his eye-sockets streaming with blood, and his eyes out, grew almost frantic with rage, and kneeling down on the bare earth, made a vow to Heaven that the life of Gesler should be the forfeit of this wickedness.

William Tell now endeavoured to rouse all Switzerland; and the news of this barbarous outrage spreading far and wide, the populace no longer paid any outward respect to Gesler, but suffered him to pass by in moody silence.

Exasperated at this, the governor determined to have revenge on the disaffected; and ordered the ducal cap of Austria to be placed upon a pole—commanding all who passed within sight of it to do obedience and reverence, by bending before it; while numerous soldiers stood ready to take into custody those that refused. Tell passing by refused the homage, and was immediately seized. Being interrogated, he confessed himself to be William Tell, whose skill in archery was so great as to be the wonder of the country.

Upon hearing this Gesler told Tell that, as he was so good an archer, he had determined, to save his life, he should give him a proof of his skill. "Thy son," said the tyrant, "shalt be placed at fifty paces distant, and thou shalt shoot an apple off his head. If thou strike the apple—well: if thou failest, thou shalt die."

Tell took up his bow : his son was placed at the required distance : he took aim—shot—and the arrow cleft the apple at the core.

Huzzas resounded on all sides. Tell was about to be set at liberty ; but Gesler despaired an arrow sticking in the girdle of Tell, and sharply interrogated him as to what purpose he designed it, as only one arrow was allowed him.

Tell looked at the wretch, and exclaimed boldly, “ To send to thy heart, had I slain my child.”

“ Bind him with chains,” said the governor, “ and let him die—he is a traitor ! But no, he shall not suffer here : I will take him where all Switzerland shall be cowed by his punishment.”

He immediately prepared to depart to the seat of his government, in another part of Switzerland ; and ordered Tell to be conveyed, in chains, in the same boat in which he himself proceeded, containing thirty armed soldiers, and about a dozen sailors.

When the boat was in the middle of the Lake of Zurich, a violent storm came on. The soldiers were panic-struck, and the sailors overpowered with fear. It was dark, and the thunders rolled above them. Tell was as noted for a steersman as for a Bowman, and declared he would steer the boat with safety to the shore.

The wretch, Gesler, sat pale and trembling in the boat. He made a motion that Tell’s chains should be taken off, and the vessel intrusted to his guidance. He seized the tiller, and in the course of a short time the boat neared the shore. Tell took advantage of her stern falling towards the rocks to spring ashore ; and seizing his bow, levelled it, and struck the tyrant to the heart before he could land.

Tell now ran through the mountains, and raised all Switzerland

for their liberty. The oppressors of their country were driven from it, and independence crowned the heroic labours of the patriots.

Such is the story of William Tell ; and I hope my young friends will learn from it to be ready at all times to defend the liberties of their country.



THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

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## CHAPTER II.

AFTER the departure of Jem the poor widow was indeed lonely. She had but little; and although that little was more for one mouth than it could be for two, yet she often felt that half a loaf with her son was better than a whole one without him. And well content had she been to eke out the remainder of life with her child, had she not reflected that for his sake it was necessary that he should seek his fortune, that he might, when he became a man, take a position in society as became the son of his father.

So she consoled herself with this reflection, and hoped the day might arrive when she should hail her son's return, and see him covered with laurels. She was, indeed, almost heartbroken at never having heard of him for a period of several months; and often used to lie awake, night after night, fancying she saw him cut to pieces in the battle-field. But she prayed to the Almighty to shield him from all dangers, and then her mind became more tranquil.

Not long after Jem's departure, an old lawyer, who had lent the widow's husband various sums of money, preferred a claim against

the poor remains of the widow's little estate, and insisted on the discharge of the assumed debt. The old wretch had been in his time greatly benefited by Captain Willis, her husband ; and as the claim was not a very large one, it was thought he would not press it. But, as soon as the widow's affairs were settled, and Jem had joined the army, the old man, though he was as rich as a Jew, began to press for his money—a paltry fifty pounds.

The widow was of course very much distressed—she had not fifty pounds in the world ; all her income being that of an officer's widow, not more than forty pounds a year. It is true she had a house of tolerable furniture, and a few pictures ; but what could she do ? She could not part with them : it was like parting with her very life ; for every chair, table, and drawing spoke tales of affectionate remembrance, and recalled happier days.

The old lawyer, however, could only see that people who have not money, but who have furniture, should sell it to pay their debts. He could not see what right people had to pictures and sofas who owed money ; and as he had waited till everything was settled, he determined, as he said, to wait no longer ; and, to get the matter off his mind, he resolved on serving the widow with a writ.

So one day, as the poor woman was sitting down, after breakfast, to read a chapter in the Bible to an old domestic, infirm and miserable, who had been in the family many years, and who stayed only to share the widow's homely crust and sorrows, a rap was heard at the door : when it was opened, a lanky, carrotty-poled lawyer's clerk entered, and showing his little slip of paper, told Mrs. Willis that it was a writ, and that she would have to go to prison, or find bail, unless she could pay the money, amounting to £73.

GRANDMA'S PARKER



J. DODD, F.R.A.C.

O'Keefe.

THE FATHER'S  
RETURN

" Seventy-three pounds ! " exclaimed the widow. " Why, the debt was but fifty."

" Yes, ma'am," said the clerk ; " but then there's the costs. We lawyers can't work for nothing."

" How am I to pay, young man ? Your master knows that I have only a bare forty pounds a year. How can he be so cruel ? "

" I don't know anything about cruelty," said the clerk ; " but your case is nothing to some that I have witnessed."

The poor widow wrung her hands in consternation.

" Yes, I see how it is ; you can't pay. You must go to prison ; your goods must come to the hammer ; and you will have to go into lodgings, and pay off ten pounds a year afterwards ; for before my old governor has done with you, he'll make the debt amount to two hundred pounds."

The widow fainted ; and the clerk took advantage of the opportunity to withdraw.

It is impossible to describe the anguish of the poor widow at the announcement of the lawyer's intentions, when she came to herself, nor what anxious efforts she made among her friends to raise the money to meet the demand ; nor how she implored the old lawyer to give her time—to all her intreaties he was deaf and inexorable.

At last, one morning, while she was looking over a newspaper for intelligence concerning the army in Portugal, she saw an account of the battle of Vimeira ; and among the return of the killed and wounded she read as follows :—" Killed, 2 captains, 4 ensigns, 278 rank and file." " O, my dear son ! " she cried, " he is slain ! he is slain ! " For, although there were twenty ensigns in the regiment, her fears induced her to think one of the four must be Jem.

Before she could recover from her painful anticipations, the door opened, and two odd-looking men entered. One pulled out a piece of paper, and touching the widow on the shoulder, said, "I am sorry to acquaint you, madam, with the unpleasant fact, but you are my prisoner, and must go with me to gaol."

The other man, without saying a word, sat down on a chair, and began very deliberately to take an inventory of the furniture—one table, six chairs, one bookcase, one sofa, &c.

"A prisoner!" faltered the widow—"a gaol!—my furniture sold!—I a beggar! Oh! my poor dear son! Oh! what would I give for you to be near me now!" And here the widow wrung her hands in an agony of sorrow. "Oh! do not take me! Pray do not take me, Sir!" she continued, appealing to the tipstaff.

"Our duty is imperative," said the man. "We are very sorry, but we cannot help it; and the more fuss is made, the more unpleasant will it be for us and for you."

"But am I to go to the common prison?" inquired the widow.

"Yes, ma'am," said the tipstaff: "so come along. You would not like to see the furniture sold, would you, ma'am? It must be very afflicting to you; and, therefore, out of respect to your feelings, old Crumps thought it would be best to arrest you first. You see there is great delicacy in this mode of proceeding, and you ought to be grateful for it: so come along."

The tipstaff then took hold of the poor woman's arm, and was about to lead her to the door without further ceremony; but she recoiled from his touch as from the bite of a serpent, and screamed loudly.

This brought several people round the door, and a crowd formed in

the street. As soon as it was understood what was the matter, hootings and howlings assailed the officers, and threats were held out that if the poor widow was dragged from her cottage, the officers would stand a chance of having their heads broken.

Seeing and hearing the commotion, the men pulled out their staves, and one of them said to the two foremost of the mob, "I command you, in the king's name, to aid and assist me in quelling this tumultuous assembly." But no one stirred.

"Come along, ma'am," said he to the widow, "before the crowd gets larger."

"Oh! let me get my bonnet, and look up some of my private property," said she, almost overpowered with fright.

"You have no private property, now," replied the man; "and as to the bonnet, throw this handkerchief over your head, and come along. I won't stop another minute."

So he roughly took hold of the poor widow's arm, and forced her out at the door. When she found herself exposed to the gaze of the neighbours, she fell to the earth, and the officers endeavoured to drag her along, holding her by their left arms, while they brandished their crown-tipped staves with their right, in defiance of the crowd.

"Save me! save me!" cried the widow.

"I will save you, my dear mother," said a voice; and in a moment the two officers were struck down by a couple of blows, and the widow found herself in the arms of her son.

The officers rose, and prepared to attack Jem; but he immediately wrenched the staff from the hands of the foremost, knocked him down with it, and rushed towards the other, who took to his heels in the

most active style imaginable; the crowd laughing and cheering heartily.

Jem now retreated with his mother into the cottage, and soon learned the whole history of the cruel scene. But in a short time the officer who ran away returned with a posse of constables, and made for the cottage.

Jem placed himself before the door, and declared no one should enter the house.

“ What, do you defy the king’s authority ! ” said the officer.

“ I hold the king’s authority,” said Jem ; “ and advance at your peril.”

“ Down with him ! down with him ! ” said the constables : “ the young upstart—down with him ! ” and the whole body were about to rush towards the door.

“ Stop ! ” said a little quiet soft voice, not much louder than the piping of a redbreast—“ Stop, friends ! ” And immediately before the door, and between Jem and the officers, appeared a diminutive little man, with a broad-brimmed hat and a suit of drab. “ Keep the peace, I say, and hear me.”

“ What have you to say, old Baconface ? ” replied the foremost of the officers.

“ That my bacon face and thy calf’s head might make a pretty dish.”

“ Do you resist us ? ”

“ I do not resist evil, or I should resist thee. But what is thy demand ? ”

“ Eighty-seven pounds, six shillings, and eightpence,” said the officer.

"Here it is," said the Quaker: "give me a receipt, and set the widow free."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" said the mob. "The Quaker for ever! the Quaker for ever!"

"We will consult our employers," said the officers. "You have offered the money, and that's enough." They then departed, amidst the execrations of the mob.

"I remember," said the Quaker, turning round to Jem, "that when I was a boy I had some marbles. Another boy, bigger than myself, asked me to play with him, to which I consented; but I had no sooner laid my marbles down, than my playmate snatched all my store up, and ran off, leaving me in tears. Thy father, then a boy, not older, but much bigger than myself, came up. I told him my story. He ran after the boy, overtook him, regained my marbles, and brought them to me. This was not all: he generously gave me a handful of his own. I never forgot this kindness; and I always said the day would come when I should return it. This is that day."

The widow wept with joy. Jem held out his hand to the Quaker, but could not speak.

"Here," continued the Quaker, "are thy own marbles"—giving the widow the amount of her debt; "and here is the handful thy father gave me, to turn my sorrow into joy"—and he placed a hundred pound note into the hand of Jem. "'Cast thy bread on the waters,'" he continued, "'and it shall be found after many days.'"

A few days made all things easy. Jem was soon recalled to the

army, promoted to a lieutenancy for his brave conduct, and eventually rose to be a captain, like his father. From that hour the widow's heart was cheered, and the remainder of her days was spent in happiness and peace.



THE ITALIAN BOY.

---

AYE, I know you wish to know something about monkeys, by the eager manner in which you look at the picture of one on the organ in the frontispiece.

Well, I suppose I must tell you. Once upon a time—yes, and not very long ago—a poor Italian boy was seen begging, by the aid of a monkey on an organ. This poor boy had been sold by his father and mother in Italy to a base Italian in London, who, like many others of the same people, get their living by turning these poor children into the streets to beg; obliging them, under fear of cruel beatings, to bring home a certain sum of money every night.

The poor boy in the frontispiece was named Iacomo; and before he was nine years old was brought from the warm climate of Italy to endure the vicissitudes of our cold and wintry atmosphere. He, poor child, had no one to play with; no kind friends to help him; but a wicked, cruel, hard-hearted master, who beat him very frequently, and forced him to sleep in a miserable cellar, with a number of other poor Italian children, as miserable as himself.

Poor boy! I am sure you pity him. And when you compare the

sufferings of such an one with the comforts you enjoy—with kind parents, good friends, warm clothing and shelter, and all the comforts of home and school, you ought indeed to be thankful to God for such blessings.

But to my story ; and it is a very short one. The poor boy, Iacomo, lived for upwards of two years in England, and travelled about in every part of London, so that at last he was known by great numbers of people ; and his good-tempered smiling face, and the tricks of his monkey, made him a favourite.

But at last he was missing. No one saw the poor lad in the streets. His master thought that he had destroyed himself, through misery, and said nothing about it. Poor fellow ! miserable indeed he was ; but then he thought of his bright Italian home, and of the time when he should again see his father and mother, and little brothers and sisters, and how he should tell them of the fine things of England. Alas ! these hopes were never realised.

One morning as some policemen were searching the house of a noted thief, they came to a well, or rather hole, in the garden, slightly covered with some boards, and there they found the poor Italian boy, with his head thrust downwards, dead and stiff.

They were seized with astonishment and horror, and immediately seized the wretch whom they supposed to have done the wicked deed. After a great stir had been made about the matter, it was at last discovered that this wicked man had murdered the poor Italian boy.

But what could induce any one to murder such an innocent child ? Who could he harm ? Who would be revenged upon one so simple ?

Alas ! my children ; there is a passion in this country quite as dangerous to us as is the revenge and malice of other countries, which

prompts them to stab or poison those they do not like—this passion is love of money.

It was to obtain money that this poor boy was murdered. You will scarcely believe it, but it is nevertheless true, that the poor boy was murdered only for the purpose of obtaining a small sum from the doctors for the sale of his dead body.

His body had been taken for sale, but had been refused as having suspicious appearances about it; and this led to the discovery of the murder. On the trial of the man, Bishop, the whole was clearly proved, and the wretch was hung, as he deserved to be.

The doctors were in no way to blame, and I hope you will not think evil of them; for of all the professions there is no set of men that come near that body for disinterestedness and kindness to the poor, and attention to the sick. I have known many who have given their attendance, day after day, and night after night, to the sick, without the least expectation of payment, and added to their advice assistance in money; and there are thousands ready at all times to follow their human example.



## STORY OF A FOREST.



## CHAPTER V.

ALFRED and Edwin now turned in the direction of the wood, and having entered it, made towards its centre as quickly as possible. Their progress, however, was but slow, owing to the thickness of the underwood, and from their having several times missed their path.

It grew darker and darker every moment, and the very small quantity of light which fell was partially intercepted by the massy foliage

of the overhanging trees. But Alfred and Edwin kept close together, and groped along as well as they were able. At last, as they were pushing through some thick boughs, Edwin uttered a piercing cry.

“ What is the matter? ” said Alfred.

“ Oh! I have scratched my face with a briar, right across. I can feel it wet with the blood! — Oh, dear! oh, dear! ”

“ Do not cry for a scratch, ” said Alfred. “ I am all over scratches, and yet you never heard me cry out; and just now a twig cut me in the eye, and mad it flash fire. What matters’, if we get poor Rushton out of the wood! ”

“ ‘ Poor Rushton! ’ Aye, he was not very ‘ poor Rushton’ when he knocked you down this morning.”

“ In a worse condition then than he is now, ” said Alfred. “ I’ll be bound he is sorry enough now for being a tyrant: that is the very reason why I would not let him be in the wood all night for ever so much, if I can help it. Hark! what is that? We must be near the road: there is the rumbling of a cart.”

“ No, it is not. Oh, dear! oh, dear! we are going to have a tempest—it was thunder! I saw a glare of lightning in that direction, just this moment, and we may be struck dead. Oh! I wish I was at home.”

“ And suppose we were to be struck dead—are we not doing what is right? I do not mind being struck dead, if——”

“ Oh! you wicked boy! Oh! Alfred Daunton! I did not think you would say such a word. I shall go back.”

“ If it please God that I should die by lightning, or fever, or anything else, it will be his will; and his will should be my will. My

mother says, ' Do what is right, and leave the consequences.' It is right for us to rescue Rushton from the wood. We are not to be afraid of thunder, or lightning, or tempest, or anything else, when we are doing what is right. Don't you understand that? You were not afraid of the dog or the water, you know."

" Aye, but it is so dark here."

" Where God is there can be nothing dark. Cannot you tell what is right or wrong as well with your eyes shut as open—as well after the candle is out as when it is alight? Why, the darker it grows the more bold I always get."

" Oh ! but it is so lonely."

" You forget God is with us : we cannot be lonely, or alone. Hush ! I think we are not far from the place. Listen ! "

The boys stopped awhile and took breath. They were sorely tired by making their way through the bushes and thick grass, and Edwin was nearly exhausted.

" I think I hear a noise," said Alfred. " See, there is a light among the branches. Why, I declare we are on the edge of Moseley Hole. It is a good thing we stopped as we did, or we should have been over the crag."

Moseley Hole was a very deep excavation, which many years before had been made in digging out large quantities of gravel. It was of considerable depth, and overgrown with brambles, young trees, and weeds. In some places the upper earth had shelled down, carrying some of the maple and fir trees with it ; and these large lumps of earth gave it a more hideous appearance. It was the picture of wilderness and desolation by day, and to one of the young adventurers far more dreadful by night.

"Moseley Hole," said Edwin. "Oh! that is a terrible place!"

"Why, it is the most beautiful spot in the whole wood. I used to call it my little earthquake. And the rabbits frisk about in it as merry as can be: I have stood by the hour to watch them," said Alfred.

"But what can that light be? It moves about. Do you see it there, just below?"

"Oh! it's a Jack-o'-lanthorn—a Will-o'-the-whisp," said Edwin: "it will lead us into the river or ditch, or pond, or something—don't follow it."

"I do not think it is a Will-o'-the-whisp," replied Alfred. "Don't you know that all about here is a dry gravelly soil? and Will-o'-the-Whisps are only seen in fenny damp places. Hush! some one speaks. It comes this way."

"Call out to them, they will lend us their lanthorn," said Edwin.

"Let us wait awhile, and see who they are," said Alfred. "Here, take hold of this branch, and lean over the edge of the pit."

Two figures were now to be descried, by the light of their lanthorn, proceeding cautiously among the broken crags and fallen trees. They spoke not, but came nearer and nearer, till they stood directly under the place over which the boys were now bending in anxious suspense.

When they came thus near, Alfred whispered to his companion, "Do you see who that is in the rough coat? That is Jerry Moffatt, the man who was tried for poisoning the horses."

"Why, so it is. I know him. He set his bull-dog upon our little spaniel, and almost killed it."

"They are after no good," said Alfred. "Hush!"

The persons, who were now near enough to be distinguished, were

two vicious fellows who got their living by poaching, robbing, and other illegal methods. They had committed numerous crimes, but by using great caution and dexterity had till now evaded the penalties of the law; and, emboldened by their success, had gone on from one crime to another, till they were completely hardened, and fit for anything.

“Here is the burrow,” said Jerry. “Now, then, uncover, and get the tools out, while I load the bull dogs.”

His companion did as he was ordered, and in a few minutes took from an old rabbit burrow various house-breaking implements, while Moffatt sat down very deliberately and loaded his pistols.

“There,” said he—“there are a couple of boluses in each; and if the old rascal gets one of these in his paunch he will not make any more barley broth, or preach any more sermons.”

“And what is better,” said the other, “he won’t send you to the treadmill, as he wanted to do the other day.”

“The old blackguard,” said Moffatt, with an oath, “I should like to send these two bullets through his stupid old head; and I won’t stand nice about it.”

“Is it agreed,” said the other, “that we crack the cellar window, and get in that way?”

“Yes; and then we must cut through the door at the top of the stairs, into the hall, and then work our way for the church plate. On Saturday nights it is always taken out of the iron safe in the wall, and put under the old fellow’s bed. We must go right into his chamber. If he should happen to wake we will soon put him to sleep again.”

By this time the two ruffians had equipped themselves with their

tools and arms. They then besmeared their faces with charcoal and red-ochre, and turning the lanthorn in another direction left the spot, while poor Alfred and Edwin were overcome with fear.

“ If they come back they will murder us,” said Edwin. “ Oh ! I wish I had never come into this place.”

“ Why, you ought to be glad,” said Alfred. “ If we mind what we are about, we shall save more than one life to-night. They are going to steal the church plate, and kill the rector. But let us try once more if we can find our way to Hangman’s Tree ; and if we do not come to it presently we will run home as fast as we can, and tell all we have heard, and get assistance.”

So saying, Alfred and his companion turned again into the mazes of the forest.

After groping their way about, they at last came to the spot where Rushton lay. They were directed to it by his groans ; but he spoke not. They tried to arouse him, but to no purpose : he had sunk, from pain, insensible upon the earth.

“ What shall we do ? ” said Edwin.

“ Have you got a top-line in your pocket ? ” asked Alfred. “ Here, give it me : I have got another. There, come, take out both your boot-laces ; I will do the same. Now, then, take off the band from your hat, and—and—”

“ Why, you are mad, I am sure,” said Edwin. “ And how the wind roars ! Oh ! I wish we had never come here.”

“ You must do as I tell you,” said Alfred, “ if ever you expect to leave this place.” So saying, the little fellow took out his pocket-knife and began cutting some of the long hazel rods that grew around him. These, with the aid of the top-lines, boot-laces, and hatband,

were soon tied together in the form of a litter, and the wounded general was laid thereon. "Now, you take hold behind, and I before, and we will get out of the wood as fast as possible : and see, there is the moon."

At this moment the bright moon burst from the thick clouds in which she had been enshrouded, and threw a full light upon the little adventurers. By its aid they were soon enabled to retrace their steps, and in a very short space of time were out of the wood ; never stopping till they rested with their burden at the door of Alfred's mother's house.

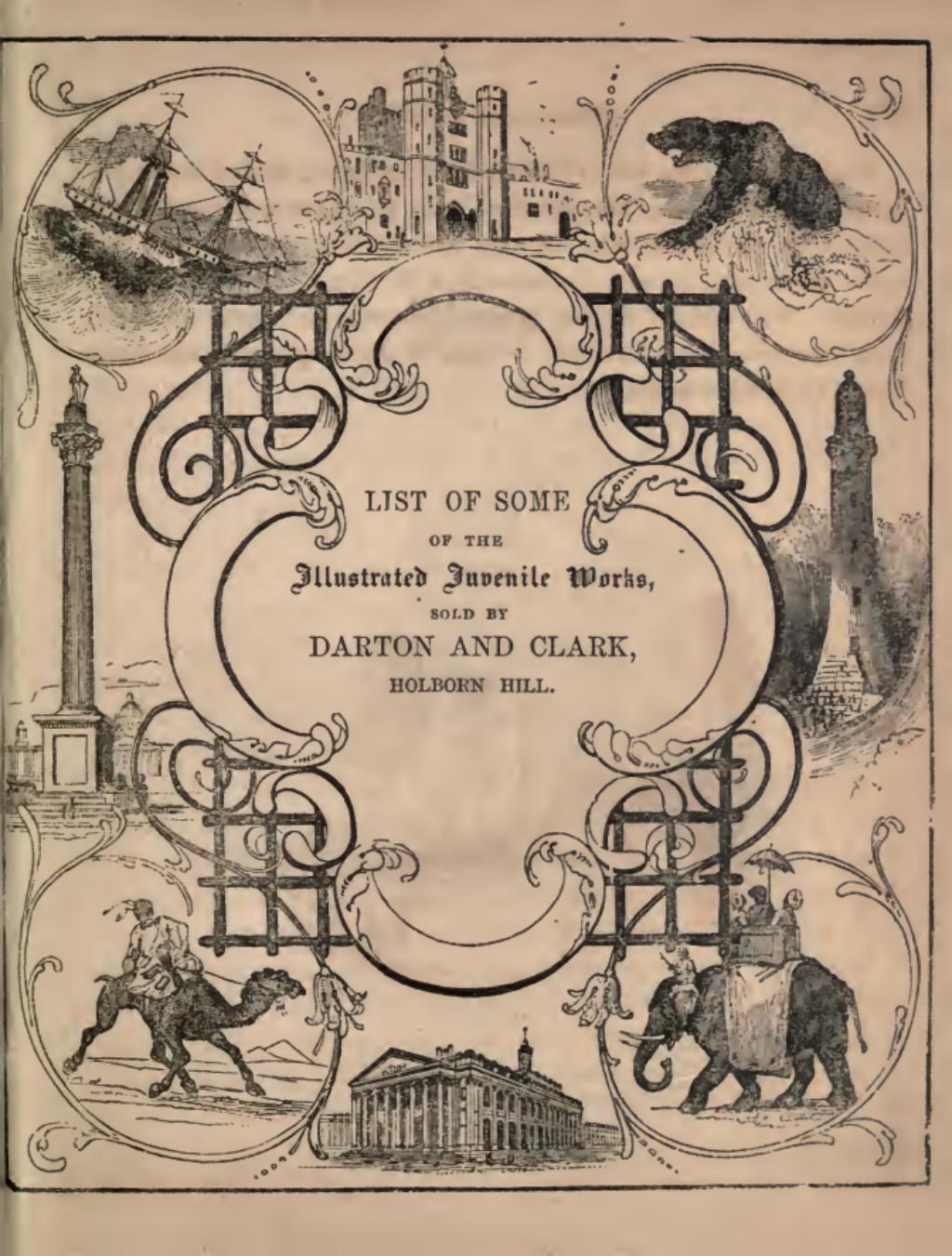
Alfred, after sending intelligence to Mrs. Rushton concerning her son, and getting him properly provided for, now accompanied his mother to the Rectory, where he detailed in full what he had heard of the intentions of the robbers. The family had already retired to rest, but immediately got up ; and placing confidence in Alfred's story, obtained the assistance of half a-dozen strong men, who posted themselves around the premises.

Here they watched till about two o'clock, when a noise was heard, and Moffatt and his companion stole on tiptoe towards the back window, which they commenced cutting through. Presently a hole was made large enough for one to enter. At this moment two of the men-servants rushed forth and seized Moffatt, and the other immediately fled ; but, as the moon was shining brightly, other persons ran after him, and in a few minutes he was secured. Thus the family was saved from robbery, and perhaps murder.

I need not say how thankful everybody was to Alfred, nor how happy his mother was in finding her son the instrument of so much good to others. But she had sown the good seed, and it gave forth early fruit.

From this tale my young friends may also learn, that fighting propensities and a love of bloodshed, only in sport, are not calculated to make boys or men *heroes*. A man may be a very great hero, and never fire a gun: he may be brave as a Wellington, without being a soldier. The highest bravery is moral bravery, and the greatest courage is in doing what is right, in spite of all temptations and incitements to do *what is wrong*. *WY*





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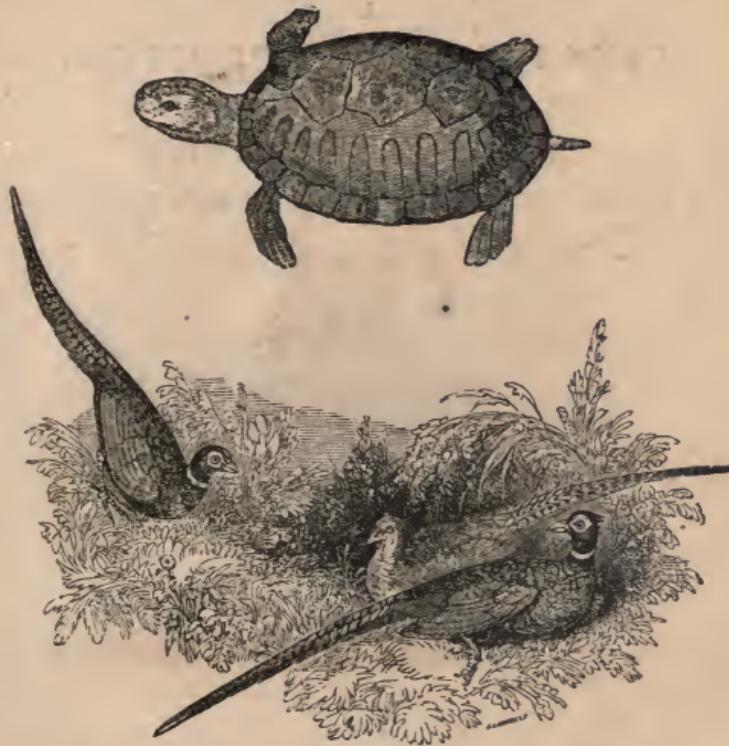
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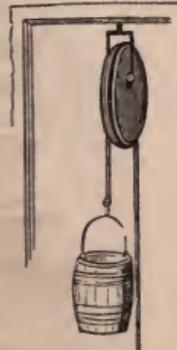
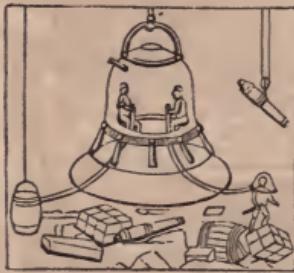
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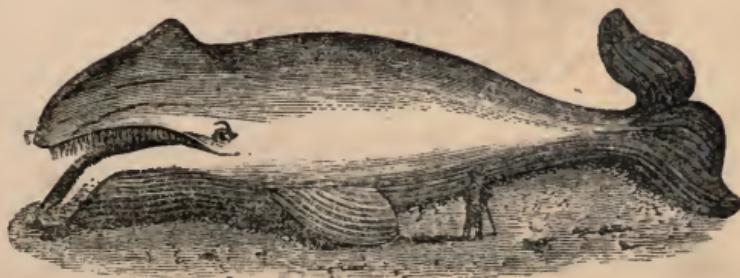
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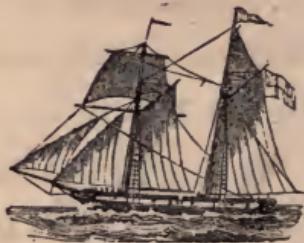
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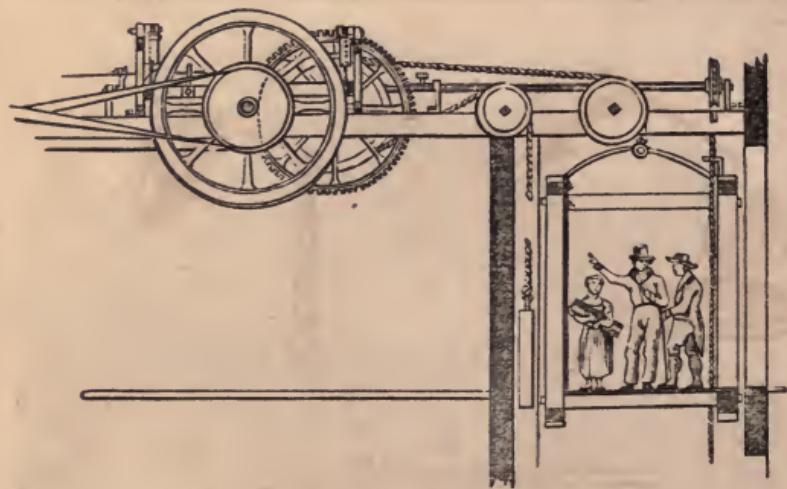
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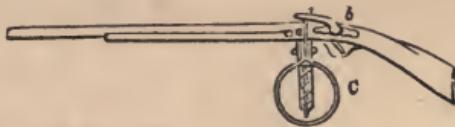
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